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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

COLLATED

With the Oldeſt Copies, and Corrected:

WITH

NOTES, Explanatory and Critical:

BY

Mr *THEOBALD.*

I, Decus, i, noſtrum: melioribus utere Fatis. *Virg.*

VOLUME SECOND.

CONTAINING

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

LONDON:
Printed for R. CROWDER, C. WARE, and T. PAYNE.
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THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
Fenton, *a young gentleman of ſmall fortune, in love with Mrs* Ann Page.
Shallow, *a country juſtice.*
Slender, *couſin to* Shallow, *a fooliſh country ſquire.*
Mr Page, } *Two gentlemen, dwelling at* Windſor.
Mr Ford, }
Sir Hugh Evans, *a* Welch parſon.
Dr Caius, *a* French *doctor.*
Hoſt of the Garter, *a merry talking fellow.*
Bardolph, }
Piſtol, } *ſharpers, attending on* Falſtaff.
Nym, }
Robin, *Page to* Falſtaff.
William Page, *a boy, ſon to Mr* Page.
Simple, *ſervant to* Slender.
Rugby, *ſervant to Dr* Caius.

Mrs Page, *wife to Mr* Page.
Mrs Ford, *wife to Mr* Ford.
Mrs Ann Page, *daughter to Mr* Page, *in love with* Fenton.
Mrs Quickly, *ſervant to Dr* Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, *&c.*

SCENE, Windſor, and the parts adjacent.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR (1).

ACT I.

SCENE, *before* Page's *House in* Windsor.

Enter Juſtice SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

SHALLOW.

SIR Hugh, perſuade me not; I will make a Starchamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falſtaffs, he ſhall not abuſe Robert Shallow, Eſq;

Slen. In the county of Glouceſter, juſtice of peace and coram.

(1) *The Merry Wives of Windſor.*] Queen Elizabeth was ſo well pleaſed with the admirable character of Falſtaff in the two parts of Henry IV. that, as Mr Rowe informs us, ſhe commanded Shakeſpeare to continue it for one play more, and to ſhew him in love. To this command we owe this comedy of the Merry Wives of Windſor; which Mr Gildon ſays, he was very well aſſured our Author finiſhed in a fortnight. But this muſt be meant only, as Mr Pope has obſerved, of the firſt imperfect ſketch of this comedy, printed in 1619. The notice of a play, publiſhed ſeventeen

Shal. Ay, couſin Slender, and cuſtalorum.

Slen. Ay, and ratolorum too; and a gentleman born, maſter parſon, who writes himſelf Armigero in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, Armigero.

Shal. Ay, that I do, and have done any time theſe three hundred years.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors, gone before him, have done't; and all his anceſtors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white lowſes do become an old coat well; it agrees well, paſſant; it is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies love.

Shal. The luce is the freſh-fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three ſkirts for yourſelf, in my ſimple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir John Falſtaff have committed diſparagements upon you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromiſes between you.

years after Queen Elizabeth's death, does no ways come in ſupport of the tradition, that it was performed for that princeſs's entertainment. But I have another old Quarto edition of this comedy, (which, I preſume, Mr Pope never ſaw), printed in 1602; which ſays in the title-page—As it hath been diverſe times acted both *before her Majeſty* and elſewhere. The reader will find the title of this old play at length, in my catalogue of editions prefixed to this work.

Shal. The council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the ſword ſhould end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it; and there is alſo another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings good diſcretions with it: there is Ann Page, (2) which is daughter to maſter George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Miſtreſs Ann Page? ſhe has brown hair, and ſpeaks ſmall like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry perſon for all the orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and ſilver, is her grandſire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful reſurrections) give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage between maſter Abraham and miſtreſs Ann Page.

Slen. Did her grandſire leave her ſeven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and poſſibilities, is good gifts.

(2) —— *which is daughter to Maſter* Thomas Page.] The whole ſet of editions have negligently blundered one after another in Page's Chriſtian name in this place; though Mrs Page calls him George afterwards in at leaſt ſix ſeveral paſſages.

Shal. Well, let us ſee honeſt Mr Page: is Falſtaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do deſpiſe a liar, as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe, or as I deſpiſe one that is not true. The Knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beſeech you, be ruled by your well-wiſhers. I will peat the door [*Knocks.*] for maſter Page. What, hoa? Got bleſs your houſe here.

Enter Mr PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here's Got's pleſſing, and your friend, and Juſtice Shallow; and here's young maſter Slender; that, peradventure, ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to ſee your worſhips well. I thank you for my veniſon, maſter Shallow.

Shal. Maſter Page, I am glad to ſee you; much good do it your good heart: I wiſhed your veniſon better; it was ill killed. How doth good miſtreſs Page? and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to ſee you, good maſter Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on Cotſale.

Page. It could not be judged, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more ſaid? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falſtaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is ſpoke as a Chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, maſter Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſs it.

Shal. If it be confeſſed, it is not redreſſed; is not that ſo, maſter Page? he hath wronged me; indeed, he hath; at a word, he hath; believe me, Robert Shallow Eſquire ſaith, he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM *and* PISTOL.

Fal. Now, maſter Shallow, you'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiſſed your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this ſhall be anſwered.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtrait: I have done all this. That is now anſwered.

Shal. The council ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if 'twere not known in council; you'll be laughed at.

Eva. Pauca verba, Sir John, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you againſt me?

Slen. Marry, Sir, I have matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your coney-catching raſcals, Bardolph, Nym, and Piſtol.

Bar. You Banbury cheeſe!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, Mephoſtophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay; *pauca, pauca:* ſlice, that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? can you tell, couſin?

Eva. Peace, I pray you; now let us understand; there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, master Page; *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself; *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,——

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, he hears with ears! why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shillings and two pence a-piece, of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No, it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain foreigner!—Sir John, and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilboe: (3)

(3) *I combat challenge of this* Latin *bilboe*:] Our modern editors have distinguished this word Latin, in Italic characters, as if it was addressed to Sir Hugh, and meant to call him *pedantic bla e*, on account of his being a schoolmaster, and teaching Latin. But I'll be bold to say, in this they do not take the Poet's conceit. Pistol barely calls Sir Hugh mountain-foreigner, because he had interposed in the dispute: but then immediately demands the combat of Slender, for having charged him with picking his pocket. The old Quartos write it *latten*, as it should be, in the common characters: and as a proof that the Author designed this should

Word of denial in thy labras here,
Word of denial; froth and ſcum, thou lieſt.

be addreſſed to Slender, Sir Hugh does not there interpoſe one word in the quarrel. But what then ſignifies——*latten bilboe?* Why, Piſtol ſeeing Slender ſuch a ſlim, puny wight would intimate, that he is as thin as a plate of that compound metal, which is called *latten;* and which was, as we are told, the old *orichalc.* Monſieur Dacier, upon this verſe in Horace's Epiſtle *de Arte Poetica,*

Tibia non ut nunc orichalco vincta, &c.

ſays, *Eſt une eſpece de cuivre de montagne, comme ſon nom meſme le temoigne, c'eſt ce que nous appellons aujourd'huy du* leton. "It is a ſort of mountain-copper, as its very name imports, "and which we at this time of day call *latten.*" Scaliger upon Feſtus had ſaid the ſame thing. The metalliſts tell us, it is copper mingled with *lapis calaminaris.* The learned part of my readers will forgive me, if I attempt the correction of a paſſage in Heſychius, upon the ſubject of *orichalc,* which has been tampered with, but not cured, I think, to ſatisfaction. Ὀρείχαλκος, χαλκὸς, χρυσῷ ἐοικὼς, ἢ κρύπη ἀρχίχαλκος. (In the firſt place, the ſeries and order of Heſychius ſhew he meant to write his theme, Ὀρίχαλκος, without the diphthong.) Scopingius has conjectured, the laſt word ſhould be αὐρίχαλκος. But what then has κρύπη to do here? *orichalcum* does not ſignify a fountain; nor does Vibius Sequeſter, or any body elſe to my knowledge, tell us of any fountain, lake, or ſpring, that bore ſuch a name Perhaps the whole ſhould be thus pointed and reformed: Ὀρίχαλκος, χαλκὸς, χρυσῷ ἐοικὼς· ἢ κραμα τι· ἀρχὴ, χαλκός. *Orichalcum, ex auri æmulum, vel compoſitum quodam, principium cujus, æs.* Orichalc, a ſort of braſs like gold, or a compound metal, the foundation of which was braſs. Stephanus, *de urbibus* tells us of a ſtone produced at Andeira, which, mingled with braſs, became *orichalc.* ΚΡΑΘΕΊΣ χαλκῷ, Ὀρείχαλκος γίγνεται. Strabo is the foundation for what Stephanus ſays; who ſpeaking of this ſtone, adds, If it be burnt with a certain earth, it melts to a counterfeit ſilver; which earth, having braſs mingled with it, comes to that compounded metal which ſome call *orichalc.* ἢ προσλαβοῦσα χαλκὸν τὸ καλούμενον γίνεται ΚΡΑΜΑ. ὅτινες ὀρείχαλκον καλοῦσι. The old gloſſaries likewiſe have *aurichaica* κραματινα: which Junius in his book *de pictura veterum,* corrects to ΚΡΑΜΑΤΙ: but Martinius, I find, diſapproves of the correction. Theſe quotations, I

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advised, Sir, and pass good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you run the base humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fy, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, Sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions past the car-eires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll never be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick; if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So got udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

think, are somewhat in support of the conjecture I have offered. A word to the passage quoted from Strabo, and I shall dismiss this criticism. Causabon very justly objects to the tautology of τὸ καλύμενον et ὅτινες καλῦσι. He thinks, either something is wanting after καλύμενον, or that it should be expunged. If I am not mistaken, Strabo might have wrote, with the change only of one letter, τὸ καλὸν μὲν τὸ γινεται χρῆμα, *perpulchra quidem fit mixtura: i. e.* a most beautiful compound is produced. The *oricbalc*, we know, was so bright a metal, that, as Isidore says, it had the splendor of gold, and the hardness of brass: and Pliny tells us, it was put under some chrysolites, as a foil, to assist their lustre.

Enter Miſtreſs ANN PAGE, *with wine.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* Ann Page.

Slen. O heaven! this is miſtreſs Ann Page.

Enter Miſtreſs FORD *and Miſtreſs* PAGE.

Page. How now, miſtreſs Ford?

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, by my troth you are very well met; by your leave, good miſtreſs. [*Kiſſing her.*

Page. Wife, bid theſe gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot venſon pafty to dinner; come, gentlemen; I hope we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs. [*Exeunt* Fal. Page, *&c.*

Manent SHALLOW, EVANS, *and* SLENDER.

Slen. I had rather than forty ſhillings, I had my book of ſongs and ſonnets here.

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple, where have you been? I muſt wait on myſelf, muſt I? you have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake (4) upon Allhallowmas laſt, a fortnight before Martlemas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we ſtay for you:

(4) *Upon* Allhallowmas *laſt, a fortnight afore* Michaelmas.] Sure Simple's a little out in his reckoning. Allhallowmas is almoſt five weeks after Michaelmas But may it not be urged, it is deſigned Simple ſhould appear thus ignorant to keep up character? I think not. The ſimpleſt creatures, (nay, even naturals) generally are very preciſe in the knowledge of feſtivals, and marking how the ſeaſons run: and therefore I have ventured to ſuſpect our Poet wrote *Martlemas;* as the vulgar call it; which is near a fortnight after Allſaint's day, *i. e.* eleven days, both inclusive.

a word with you, coz; marry this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here; do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says; I pray you pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry is it; the very point of it to Mrs Ann Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mind; therefore precisely can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz: can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: (5) I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt; but if you say marry her, I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry discretion answer; save the fall is in the ort dissolution: the ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Enter Mistress ANN PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Ann; would I were young for your sake, Mistress Ann.

Ann. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Ann.

Eva. Od's plessed will, I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt* Shallow *and* Evans.

Ann. Will't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

(5) *I hope, upon familiarity will grow more* content: Certainly the editors in their sagacity have murdered a jest here. It is designed, no doubt, that Slender should say *decrease*, instead of *increase*; and *dissolved* and *dissolutely*, instead of *resolved* and *resolutely*: but to make him say, on the present occasion, that upon familiarity will grow more *content*, instead of *contempt*, is disarming the sentiment of all its *salt* and *humour*, and disappointing the audience of a reasonable cause for laughter.

Ann. The dinner attends on you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you forſooth. Go, ſirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my couſin Shallow: [*Exit* Simple.] a juſtice of peace ſometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Ann. I may not go in without your worſhip; they will not ſit 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Ann. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruiſed my ſhin the other day with playing at ſword and dagger with a maſter of fence, three veneys for a diſh of ſtewed prunes; and by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why do your dogs bark ſo? be there bears i' th' town?

Ann. I think there are, Sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid if you ſee the bear looſe, are you not?

Ann. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now; I have ſeen Sackerſon looſe twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but I warrant you, the women have ſo cried and ſhrieked at it, that it paſt: but women, indeed, cannot abide them, they are ſo very ill-favoured rough things.

Enter Mr PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Mr Slender, come; we ſtay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you ſhall not chuſe, Sir; come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Miſtreſs Ann, yourſelf ſhall go firſt.

Ann. Not I, Sir; pray you keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go firſt, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Ann. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troubleſome; you do yourſelf wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways; and aſk of doctor Caius' houſe which is the way; and there dwells one Miſtreſs Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurſe, or his dry nurſe, or his cook, or his laundry, his waſher, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogethers acquaintance with Miſtreſs Ann Page; and the letter is to deſire and require her to ſolicit your maſter's deſires to Miſtreſs Ann Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheeſe to come. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to the Garter-Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

Fal. Mine hoſt of the garter.——

Hoſt. What ſays my bully rock? ſpeak ſchollarly and wiſely.

Fal. Truly, mine hoſt, I muſt turn away ſome of my followers.

Hoſt. Diſcard, bully Hercules, caſhier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a week.

Hoſt. Thou'art an emperor, Cæſar, Keiſar and Pheazar. I will entertain Bardolph, he ſhall draw, he ſhall tap; ſaid I well, bully Hector!

Fal. Do ſo, good mine hoſt.

Hoſt. I have ſpoke, let him follow; let me ſee thee, froth, and live: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit* Hoſt.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapſter is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered ſerving-man, a freſh tapſter: go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have deſired: I will thrive.

[*Exit* Bard.

Piſt. O baſe Hungarian wight, wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink, is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am ſo quit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unſkilful ſinger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to ſteal at a minute's reſt.

Piſt. Convey, the wiſe it call: ſteal? foh; a fico for the phraſe!

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almoſt out at heels.

Piſt. Why then, let kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I muſt conycatch, I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. Young ravens muſt have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Piſt. I ken the wight, he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, Piſtol: indeed I am in the waiſt two yards about; but I am now about no waſte, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes, ſhe carves, ſhe gives the leer of invitation; I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtile, and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour, to be engliſhed right is, I am Sir John Falſtaff's.

Piſt. He hath ſtudied her well, and tranſlated her well; out of honeſty into Engliſh.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that hu out?

Fal. Now the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her huſband's purſe; ſhe hath a legion of angels.

Piſt. As many devils entertain: and to her, boy, ſay I.

Nym. The humour riſes; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her, and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with moſt judicious iliads; ſometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot; ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the ſun on dung-hill ſhine. [*Aſide.*

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O ſhe did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did ſeem to ſcorch me up like a burning-glaſs. Here's another letter to her; ſhe bears the purſe too; (6) ſhe is a region in Guiana, all gold and

(6) *She is a region in* Guiana, *all gold and bounty.*] If the tradition be true, (as I doubt not but it is) of this play being wrote at Queen Elizabeth's command, this paſſage, perhaps, may furniſh a probable conjecture that it could not

bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West-Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become;
And by my side wear steal? then Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour; here take the humour-letter, I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly,
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. [*To* Robin.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;
Trudge, plod away o' th' hoof, seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age, (7)
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.
[*Exeunt* Falstaff *and* Boy.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts; for gourd and Fullam holds:

appear till after the year 1598. The mention of Guiana, then so lately discovered to the English, was a very happy compliment to Sir Walter Raleigh, who did not begin his expedition for South-America till 1595, and returned from it in 1596, with an advantageous account of the great wealth of Guiana. Such an address of the Poet was likely, I imagine, to have a proper impression on the people, when the intelligence of such a golden country was fresh in their minds, and gave them expectation of immense gain.

(7) Falstaff *will learn the* honour *of the age.*] What was this honour which he was to learn? Frugality? the retrenching his expences, and keeping only a *boy* to wait on him. Had the editors been cut out for collators, they might have observed the old Quartos read;—the *humour* of the age,—*i. e.* the frugal fashion of the times. So in *Much Ado about Nothing.*

The *fashion* of the world is to *avoid cost*, and you encounter it.

And *honour* and *humour*, I have observed, are very often reciprocally mistaken for one another in old English plays.

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star.

Pist. With wit or steal?

Nym. With both the humours I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford.

Pist. And I to Page will eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool; I will incense Ford to deal with poison; (8) I will possess him

(8) *I will possess him with* jealousies, *for* this *revolt of* mine *is dangerous*:] This is the reading of the modern editions; the old copies have it, *yellowness*, *i. e.* the symptom of jealousy. So Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, speaking of Claudio's having jealous suspicions, says,

The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but *civil*, Count; *civil* as an *orange*; and something of that *jealous complexion*.

Again, *This revolt of mine*, &c. If Nym speaks this of himself, he speaks very improperly, to call it a *revolt*, when he is *discarded* by his master. The old copies read, as I have restored in the text: and the *revolt* of *mine*, I take to signify the *change* of *complexion*. And then Nym must mean, 'I will make him so jealous, till he changes colour with its 'working; and then it will break out into some violent 'effects, that will be dangerous to Falstaff.' For *mine* (or *mien*, as it is more generally written), does not only signify, the *air*, *gesture*, and *bearing* of any person; but likewise the *look* and *turn* of *countenance*; *oris species*; *nativa vultus compositio*;——*Visage bon, ou mauvais, qu'on fait paroître aux gens selon qu'ils nous plaisent*, &c. as Richelet explains it: that look or turn of countenance, which we shew to people, according as they please us, or not. Our Author, in other places, takes notice of the change of colour to be a symptom of anger,

with yellowneſs; for the revolt of mein is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I ſecond thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Dr* Caius's *houſe.*

Enter Miſtreſs QUICKLY, SIMPLE, *and* JOHN RUGBY.

Quic. What, John Rugby! I pray thee go to the caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my maſter, maſter Doctor Caius, coming; if he do, i' faith, and find any body in the houſe, here will be old abuſing of God's patience, and the King's Engliſh.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit* Rugby.

Quic. Go, and we'll have a poſſet for't ſoon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a ſea-coal fire. An honeſt, willing, kind fellow as ever ſervant ſhall come in houſe withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worſt fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is ſomething peeviſh that way; but nobody but has his fault; but let that paſs. Peter Simple, you ſay, your name is.

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And maſter Slender's your maſter?

Sim. Ay, forſooth.

Quic Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forſooth; he hath but a little wee-face, with a little yellow beard, (9) a Cain-coloured beard.

Quic. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

envy, *&c.* as it certainly is in Nature, according to the ſpring of that paſſion which excites it.

(9) *A cane-colour'd* beard.] Thus the latter editions. I have reſtored with the old copies. Cain and Judas, in the tapeſtries and pictures of old, were repreſented with *yellow* beards.

Sim. Ay, forſooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How ſay you? oh, I ſhould remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were, and ſtrut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, Heaven ſend Ann Page no worſe fortune! tell maſter parſon Evans, I will do what I can for your maſter: Ann is a good girl, and I wiſh——

Enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my maſter.

Quic. We ſhall all be ſhent; run in here, good young man; go into this cloſet; [*ſhuts* Simple *in the cloſet.*] He will not ſtay long. What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I ſay; go, John, go enquire for my maſter; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home: *and down, down, a-down-a.* &c. [*Sings.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you ſing? I do not like des toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my cloſet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I ſpeak? a-green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forſooth, I'll fetch it you.——
I am glad he went not in himſelf; if he had found the man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aſide.*

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi, il fait fort chaud; je m'en vais à la cour—la grande affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. *Ouy, mettez le au mon* pocket; *Depêchez*, quickly; ver is dat knave Rugby?

Quic. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby; come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot I tarry too long: od's me! *Que ay je oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? villaine, *Larron!* Rugby, my rapier.

[*Pulls* Simple *out of the closet.*

Quic. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man, dat shall come in my closet.

Quic. I beseech you, be not so flegmatic; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Quic. Peace; I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue, speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Ann Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, (10) *baillez* me some paper; tarry you a little-a-while.

(10) Ballow *me some paper*:] Thus all the editions hitherto; and, I suppose, the editors thought this a designed corruption of the word *borrow*. But are we to imagine the Poet's

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy: but notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor my master, (I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house, and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you a-vised o'that? you shall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late. But notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my master himself is in love with Mrs Ann Page; but, notwithstanding that, I know Ann's mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You Jack'nape; give a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge; I will cut his troat in de parke, and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make — you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here; by gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit* Simple.

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat: do you not tell me dat I shall have Ann Page for myself? by gar, I vill kill de jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de jarterre* to measure our weapon; by gar, I will myself have Ann Page.

doctor had not a scrap of paper in his house, but must send out to borrow some? As Caius is represented a Frenchman, and generally speaks half French, half English, it is much more probable to believe our Author wrote, *baillez* me some paper, *i. e.* fetch, bring, give me some. So the French say, *baillez la main*, give me your hand; *bailler, mettre œillade*, to give one the wink, *&c.*

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate; what, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me——by gar, if I have not Ann Page, I shall turn your head out of my door;——follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exe.* Caius *and* Rugby.

Quic. You shall have *An* fools-head of your own. No, I know Ann's mind for that; never a woman in Windsor knows more of Ann's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heaven.

Fent. [*within.*] Who's within there, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Mr FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman, how dost thou?

Quic. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Ann?

Quic. In truth, Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise Heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you: have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread; we had an hour's talk of that wart: I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing; but for you—Well—go to——

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day; hold, there's money for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou seest her before me, commend me——

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewel, I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quic. Farewel to your worship! Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Scene I. *before* Page's *house.*

Enter Mrs PAGE *with a letter.*

Mrs PAGE.

WHAT, have I escaped love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I a subject for them now? let me see:

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: you are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me.

"By me thine own true Knight, by day or night,
"Or any kind of light, with all his might,
"For thee to fight. *John Falstaff.*

What a Herod of Jewry is this? O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! what unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked, i' the devil's name, out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? why, he hath not been thrice in my company: what should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth, Heaven forgive me: why, I'll exhibit (11) a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men: how shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mrs FORD.

Mrs Ford. Mistress Page, trust me I was going to your house.

Mrs Page. And trust me, I was coming to you: you look very ill.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs Ford. Well, I do then: yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel.

Mrs Page. What's the matter, woman?

(11) —*a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men:*] What, Mrs Page, put down the whole species *nullis ob noxam*, for a single offender's trespass? Don't be so unreasonable in your anger. But 'tis a false charge against you. I am persuaded, a short monosyllable is dropt out, which, once restored, would qualify the matter. We must necessarily read, —for the putting down of *fat* men —Mrs Ford says, in the very ensuing scene,—I shall think the worse of *fat* men, as long as I have an eye, *&c.* And in the old Quartos, Mrs Page, so soon as she has read the letter, says,——Well, I shall trust *fat* men the worse, while I live, for his sake:—And he is called, the *fat* Knight, the *greasy* Knight, by the women, throughout the play.

Mrs Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour.

Mrs Page. Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? diſpenſe with trifles; what is it?

Mrs Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or ſo, I could be knighted.

Mrs Page. What, thou liſt! Sir Alice Ford! theſe knights will hack, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs Ford. We burn day-light; here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted: I ſhall think the worſe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of mens liking: and yet he would not ſwear; praiſed womens modeſty; and gave ſuch orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his diſpoſition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep pace together, than the hundredth pſalm to the tune of Green Sleeves. What tempeſt, I trow, threw this whale, with ſo many tun of oil in his belly, aſhore at Windſor? how ſhall I be revenged on him? I think the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of luſt have melted him in his own greaſe. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs. To thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit firſt, for, I proteſt, mine never ſhall. I warrant he hath a thouſand of theſe letters, writ with blank ſpace for different names; nay, more; and theſe are of the ſecond edition: he will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the preſs, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess,

and ly under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs Ford. Why, this is the very same, the very hand, the very words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs Ford. Boarding, call it you? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, 'till he hath pawned his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. Oh, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs Page. Why, look where he comes, and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter FORD *with* PISTOL, PAGE *with* NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal-dog in some affairs. Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young. [poor,

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and

Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-mawfry, Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, like Sir Actæon, he, with Ring-wood at thy heels—O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: farewel. [night.
Take heed, have open eye: for thieves do foot by
Take heed ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds af-
Away, Sir Corporal Nym.— [fright.
Believe it, Page, he speaks sense. [*Exit Pistol.*

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true; I like not the humour of lying; he hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true; my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheese: adieu. [*Exit Nym.*

Page. The humour of it, quoth a'! here's a fellow, frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out for Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affected
Ford. If I do find it: well. [rogue.
Page. (12) I will not believe such a Cataian,

(12) *I will not believe such a* Cataian, *tho'*, &c.] This is a piece of satire, that did not want its force at the time of the play's appearing; though the history, on which it is grounded, is become obsolete, and lost to general knowledge. In the year 1575, Captain Martin Frobisher (who was afterwards knighted for services against the Spanish Armada) being furnished with adventurers to the project, set out upon his discovery of a passage to Cataia, near China, by the North-west seas. Having sailed sixty degrees North-west

tho' the priest o' th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

Mrs Page *and* Mrs Ford *come forwards.*

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs Page. Whither go you, George? hark you.

Mrs Ford. How now, sweet Frank, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George? Look, who comes yonder, she shall be our messenger to this paltry Knight.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Mrs Ford. Trust me, I thought on her, she'll fit it.

beyond Friesland, he came to land upon a place inhabited by savages, from whence he brought a piece of black stone, like sea-coal, which, upon his return, being assayed by the goldsmiths, was judged to be very rich in gold-ore. This encouraged him to a second voyage thither the next season; when he freighted two vessels home with this black stone: and in 1570, his project was so risen in credit, that he set sail a third time with fifteen good ships, and freighted them all, homewards, out of the said mines. But, to see the odd fate that too often attends such discoveries! Though the prospect of immense treasures was at first so plausible, that it was given out with certainty, Cataia was Solomon's Ophir; yet, on a severe trial, this boasted gold-ore proved to be mere dross: and that falling short of the expected value, and the adventurers of their expected gains, the project fell so low in repute, that Cataian and Frobishers became by-words for such vain boasters as promised more than they could make out, and therefore deserved not to be credited.

Mrs Page. You are come to see my daughter Ann?

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Ann?

Mrs Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt* Mrs Page, Mrs Ford, *and* Mrs Quick.

Page. How now, Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think the Knight would offer it; but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoak of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lye at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it ly on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loth to turn them together: a man may be too confident; I would have nothing ly on my head; I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting Host of the Garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How now, mine Host?

Enter HOST *and* SHALLOW.

Hoſt. How now, bully Rock? thou'rt a gentleman, cavaliero-juſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, mine Hoſt, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good Maſter Page. Maſter Page, will you go with us? we have ſport on hand.

Hoſt. Tell him, cavaliero-juſtice; tell him, bully Rock.

Shal. Sir, there's a fray to be fought, between Sir Hugh the Welch prieſt, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine Hoſt o' th' Garter, a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſay'ſt thou, bully Rock?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? my merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parſon is no jeſter. Hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight, my gueſt-cavalier?

Ford. None, I proteſt; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt ſack to give me recourſe to him, (13) and tell him my name is *Brook*; only for a jeſt.

(13) *And tell him my name is* Brook;] Thus both the old Quartos; and thus moſt certainly the Poet wrote. We need no better evidence, than the pun that Falſtaff anon makes on the name, when Brook ſends him ſome burnt ſack.

Such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that overflow with ſuch liquor.

The players, in their editions, altered the name to Broom: but how far that name will ſort with that jeſt, is ſubmitted to common ſenſe. Their ſucceſſors, however, of the ſtage, (like the old prieſt, who had read *mumpſimus* in his breviary, inſtead of *ſumpſimus*, too long to think of altering it) continue to this day to call him Mr Broom.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry Knight. (14) Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine Host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more; in these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccado's, and I know not what; 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here: shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt* Host, Shallow *and* Page.

Ford. Tho' Page be a secure fool, (15) and stand so firmly on his wife's fealty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know

(14) *Will you go* an-heirs?] I can make nothing of this reading, which hath possessed all the editions. The word is not to be traced; and consequently, I am apt to suspect, must be corrupted. I should think the host meant to say, either,

Will you go *on, here?*

pointing out the way, which was to lead them to the combatants; as he afterwards says, Here, boys, *here, here. shall we wag? ha.*

Will you go, *mynheers?*

i. e. my masters; both these make plain sense; and are not remote from the traces of the text: but, without some such alteration, the passage seems utterly unintelligible to me.

(15) *And stand so firmly on his wife's* frailty,] No, surely; Page stood tightly to the opinion of her honesty, and would not entertain a thought of her being *frail.* I have therefore ventured to substitute a word correspondent to the sense required; and one which our Poet frequently uses, to signify *conjugal faith.*

not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a diſguiſe to ſound Falſtaff. If I find her honeſt, I loſe not my labour; if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtowed. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the* Garter-Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why, then the world's mine oyſter, which I with ſword will open.—I will retort the ſum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you ſhould lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your couch-fellow, Nym; or elſe you had looked through the grate, like a gemmy of baboons. I am damned in hell for ſwearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good ſoldiers, and tall fellows. And when Mrs Bridget loſt the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt thou not ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you rogue, reaſon: think'ſt thou I'll endanger my ſoul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: (16) go, a ſhort knife, and a throng, to your manor of Pickt-hatch; go, you'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you ſtand upon your honour! why, thou unconfinable baſeneſs, it is as much as I can

(16) *Go, a ſhort knife, and a* thong,] All the old copies have it, *throng*, as I believe the Author deſigned; *i. e.* a ſhort knife and a croud, the two requiſites for a pick-pocket. *Pickt-hatch*, as we may find by many places in Ben Johnſon, was a noted harbour for *thieves* and *ſtrumpets*.

do to keep the term of my honour preciſe. I, I, I myſelf ſometimes, leaving the fear of Heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you rogue will enſconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lettice phraſes, and your bold-beating oaths, under the ſhelter of your honour! you will not do it, you!

Piſt. I do relent; what wouldſt thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Miſtreſs QUICKLY.

Quic. Give your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not ſo, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be ſworn, as my mother was, the firſt hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the ſwearer. What with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchſafe your worſhip a word or two?

Fal. Two thouſand, fair woman, and I'll vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one Miſtreſs Ford, Sir: I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I myſelf dwell with Mr Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Miſtreſs Ford, you ſay,——

Quic. Your worſhip ſays very true: I pray your worſhip, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, no body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they ſo? Heaven bleſs them, and make them his ſervants.

Fal. Well: Miſtreſs Ford, what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, ſhe's a good creature. Lord, Lord, your worſhip's a wanton. Well, Heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray——

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, come, Miſtreſs Ford——

Quic. Marry, this is the ſhort and the long of it; you have brought her into ſuch a canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the beſt courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windſor, could never have brought her to ſuch a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all muſk; and ſo ruſsling, I warrant you, in ſilk and gold, and in ſuch alligant terms, and in ſuch wine and ſugar of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myſelf twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, in any ſort as they ſay, but in the way of honeſty; and I warrant you, they could never get her ſo much as ſip on a cup with the proudeſt of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, penſioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſays ſhe to me? be brief, my good ſhe Mercury.

Quic. Marry, ſhe hath received your letter, for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times; and ſhe gives you to notify, that her huſband will be abſence from his houſe between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the picture; ſhe ſays, that ye wot of: Maſter Ford, her huſband, will be from home. Alas! the ſweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a

very jealousy-man: she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well: but I have another messenger to your worship: mistress Page has her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you,) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other; and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doat upon a man; surely I think you have charms, la; yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this; has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jest indeed; they have not so little grace, I hope; that were a trick, indeed! but mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, truly she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both: and in any

caſe have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to underſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wickedneſs: old folks, you know, have diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's my purſe, I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. This news diſtracts me.

[*Exit* Quick. *and* Robin.

Piſt. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:
Clap on more ſails; purſue; up with your fights;
Give fire! ſhe is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit* Piſtol.

Fal. Sayeſt thou ſo, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body, than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of ſo much money, be now a gainer? good body, I thank thee; let them ſay 'tis groſsly done; ſo it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one maſter Brook below would fain ſpeak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a morning's draught of ſack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit* Bardolph.] ſuch Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow with ſuch liquor. Ah! ah! miſtreſs Ford and miſtreſs Page, have I encompaſſed you? go to, *via*.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *diſguiſed*.

Ford. Bleſs you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir; would you ſpeak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* Bardolph.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are; the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do ly open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook, I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar; (I will be brief with you;) and you have been a man long known to me, tho' I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you: I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfections; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier; sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, Sir: proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long loved her; and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doating observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

"Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
"Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues."

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that tho' she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose:

you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Eal. O Sir!.

Ford. Believe it, for you know it; there is money, spend it, spend it; spend more, spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife; use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift; she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which are now too too strongly embatteled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none; I shall be with her, I may tell

you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me; I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth; come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know Ford, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not: yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly-rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue; I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant; and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night; Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile: thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold: come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made; would any man have thought this? see the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, names; Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason,

well; yet they are devils additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold, wittol, cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass, he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aquavitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour; I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page: I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fy, fy, fy; cuckold, cuckold, cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Windsor-Park.

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, Sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, Sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is not so dead as me will make him. Take your rapier, Jack; I will tell you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER *and* PAGE.

Hoſt. 'Bleſs thee, bully-doctor.

Shal. Save you, Mr Doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good Mr Doctor.

Slen. Give you good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee traverſe, to ſee thee here, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſs thy punto, thy ſtock, thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopean? Is he dead, my Franciſco? ha, bully? what ſays my Æſculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully-ſtale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack-prieſt of de vorld; he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a Caſtalian-king-Urinal: Hector of Greece, my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witneſs, that me have ſtay ſix or ſeven, two tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man, Mr Doctor; he is a curer of ſouls, and you a curer of bodies: if you ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair of your profeſſions: is it not true, maſter Page?

Page. Maſter Shallow, you have yourſelf been a great fighter, tho' now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Mr Page, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one; tho' we are juſtices, and doctors, and churchmen, Mr Page, we have ſome ſalt of our youth in us; we are the ſons of women, Mr Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Mr Page. Mr Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home; I am sworn of the peace; you have shewed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shewn himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, Mr Doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice; a word, monsieur mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman, scurvy jack-dog-priest; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully: but first, Mr Guest, and Mr Page, and eke Cavaliero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there; see what humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr Doctor.

[*Exe.* Page, Shal. *and* Slen.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Ann Page.

Host. Let him die; but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about

the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mrs Ann Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. (17) Try'd game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure 'a you de good guest; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Ann Page: said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, Frogmore *near* Windsor.

Enter EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

EVANS.

I PRAY you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

Simp. Marry, Sir, the Pitty-ward, the Park-ward, every way, old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

(17) *And thou shalt woo her.* Cride-game.] Thus the old Folios. The Quartos with a little difference. And thou shalt *wear* her *cry'd game*—Said I well?—Neither of the readings furnish any idea, nor can be genuine. *Try'd game*, as I have restored it, may well signify, Thou old cock of the game; thou experienced sinner;—and might be reasonably applied to Caius, who was an old bachelor, and had Dame Quickly for his housekeeper.

Eva. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Pleſs my ſoul, how full of cholars I am, and trempling of mind! I ſhall be glad if he have deceived me: how melancholius I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's coſtard, when I have good opportunities for the orke. 'Pleſs my ſoul!

[*Sings, being afraid.*

By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls (18)
Melodious birds ſing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roſes,
And a thouſand fragrant poſies.

By ſhallow—'mercy on me! I have a great diſpoſitions to cry. *Melodious birds ſing madrigals*—*When as I ſat in Pabilon*;——*and a thouſand vagrant poſies.*——*By ſhallow*, &c.

Simp. Yonder he is coming this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome. *By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls*——

Heaven prosper the right: what weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, Sir; there comes my maſter, Mr Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the ſtile, this way.

Eva Pray you, give me my gown, or elſe keep it in your arms.

(18) *By ſhallow rivers,*] The ſtanza which Sir Hugh repeats here, is part of a ſweet little ſonnet of our Author's, and printed among his poems, call'd, The Paſſionate Shepherd to his Love. Milton was ſo enamoured with this poem, and the Nymph's Reply to it, that he has borrowed the cloſe of his L'Allegro and Il Penſeroſo from them.—I don't know whether it has been generally obſerved, but it is with wonderful humour, in his ſinging, that Sir Hugh intermixes with his madrigal the firſt line of the 137th ſinging pſalm.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. How now, maſter Parſon? Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gameſter from the dice, and a good ſtudent from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, ſweet Ann Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh.

Eva. 'Pleſs you from his mercy ſake, all of you.

Shal. What? the ſword and the word? do you ſtudy them both, Mr Parſon?

Page. And youthful ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reaſons and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr Parſon.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reverend gentleman, who, belike, having received wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you ſaw.

Shal. I have lived fourſcore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, ſo wide of his own reſpect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Mr Doctor Caius, the renowned French phyſician.

Eva. Got's will, and his paſſion of my heart! I had as lief you ſhould tell me of a meſs of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen; and he is a knave, beſides; a cowardly knave as you would deſire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O, ſweet Ann Page!

Enter HOST, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons: keep them asunder; here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay, good Mr Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear; wherefore will you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing stocks to other mens humours: I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogscomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby, mine host de Jarterre, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christian's soul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? shall I lose my Doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy hand, celestial: so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both: I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins

are whole, and let burnt ſack be the iſſue. Come, lay their ſwords to pawn. Follow me, lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad hoſt. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O ſweet Ann Page!

[*Exe.* Shal. Slen. Page *and* Hoſt.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a de-ſot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-ſtog. I deſire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this ſame ſcald-ſcurvy-cogging companion, the Hoſt of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart: he promiſe to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will ſmite his noddles; pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Street in* Windſor.

Enter Mrs PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Mrs Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your maſter's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forſooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs Page. O you are a flattering boy; now I ſee you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, miſtreſs Page; whither go you?

Mrs Page. Truly, Sir, to ſee your wife; is ſhe at home?

Ford. Ay, and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company; I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs Page. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: what do you call your Knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff?

Mrs Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name; there is such a league between my good man and he. Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs Page. By your leave, Sir; I am sick till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs* Page *and* Robin.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve-score; he pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind: and Falstaff's boy with her! good plots, they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borrowed vail of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

To him Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, EVANS *and* CAIUS.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr Ford.

Ford. Truſt me a good knot; I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe myſelf, Mr Ford.

Slen. And ſo muſt I, Sir; we have appointed to dine with Mrs Ann, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll ſpeak of.

Shal. We have tingered about a match between Ann Page and my couſin Slender, and this day we ſhall have our anſwer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Mr Slender; I ſtand wholly for you; but my wife, maſter Doctor, is for you all together.

Cai. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a-me; my nurſh-a-Quickly tell me ſo muſh.

Heſt. What ſay you to young Mr Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verſes, he ſpeaks holy day, he ſmells April and May; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent, I promiſe you; the gentleman is of no having, he kept company with the wild prince and Poins: he is of too high a region, he knows too much; no, he ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my ſubſtance: If he take her, let him take her ſimply; the wealth I have waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you heartily, ſome of you go home with me to dinner; beſides your cheer you ſhall have ſport; I will ſhew you a monſter. Mr Doctor, you ſhall go; ſo ſhall you, Mr Page, and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well; we shall have the freer wooing at Mr Page's.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby, I come anon.

Host. Farewel, my hearts; I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink Canary with him.

Ford. I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *changes to* Ford's *house.*

Enter Mrs FORD, *Mrs* PAGE, *and servants with a basket.*

Mrs Ford. What, John, what, Robert!

Mrs Page. Quickly, quickly; is the buck-basket—

Mrs Ford. I warrant. What, Robin, I say.

Mrs Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs Ford. Here, set down.

Mrs Page. Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

Mrs Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard-by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames-side.

Mrs Page. You will do it?

Mrs Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called.

Mrs Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs Ford. How now, my eyas-muſket, what news with you?

Rob. My maſter, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, miſtreſs Ford, and requeſts your company.

Mrs Page. You little jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be ſworn; my maſter knows not of your being here, and hath threatened to put me into everlaſting liberty if I tell you of it; for he ſwears he'll turn me away.

Mrs Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. I'll go hide me.

Mrs Ford. Do ſo; go tell thy maſter I am alone; miſtreſs Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit* Robin.

Mrs Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiſs me. [*Exit Mrs* Page.

Mrs Ford. Go to then; we'll uſe this unwholeſome humidity, this groſs watery pumpion—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed hour!

Mrs Ford. O ſweet Sir John!

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, miſtreſs Ford: now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh. I would thy huſband were dead; I'll ſpeak it before the beſt lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs Ford. I your lady, Sir John? alas, I ſhould be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France ſhew me ſuch another: I ſee how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou haſt the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire-valiant, or any Venetian attire.

Mrs Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to ſay ſo; thou wouldeſt make an abſolute courtier, and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a ſemi-circled farthingale. I ſee what thou wert; if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature is thy friend; come, thou canſt not hide it.

Mrs Ford. Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that perſuade thee there's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a many of theſe liſping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in mens apparel, and ſmell like Bucklers-Berry in ſimpling time; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deſerveſt it.

Mrs Ford. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear you love miſtreſs Page.

Fal. Thou mighteſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs Ford. Well, Heaven knows how I love you, and you ſhall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deſerve it.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Miſtreſs Ford, miſtreſs Ford, here's miſtreſs Page at the door, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me; I will enſconce me behind the arras.

Mrs Ford. Pray you do ſo; ſhe's a very tattling woman. [Falſtaff *hides himſelf.*

Enter Mrs PAGE.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs Page. O miſtreſs Ford, what have you done? you're ſhamed, y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs Ford. What's the matter, good miſtreſs Page?

Mrs Page. O well a day, miſtreſs Ford, having an honeſt man to your huſband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpicion!

Mrs Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpicion?

Mrs Page. What cauſe of ſuſpicion? out upon you! how am I miſtook in you?

Mrs Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs Page. Your huſband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windſor to ſearch for a gentleman that he ſays is here now in the houſe, by your conſent, to take an ill advantage of his abſence. You are undone.

Mrs Ford. Speak louder.—[*Aſide.*] 'Tis not ſo I hope.

Mrs Page. Pray Heaven it be not ſo, that you have not ſuch a man here; but 'tis moſt certain your huſband's coming with half Windſor at his heels to ſearch for ſuch a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourſelf clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewel to your good life for ever.

Mrs Ford. What ſhall I do? there is a gentle-

man, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own ſhame, ſo much as his peril. I had rather than a thouſand pound he were out of the houſe.

Mrs Page. For ſhame, never ſtand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your huſband's here at hand; bethink you of ſome conveyance, in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceived me! look, here is a baſket; if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs Ford. He's too big to go in there, what ſhall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't; I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counſel; I'll in.

Mrs Page. What! Sir John Falſtaff? are theſe your letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'll never------

[*He goes into the baſket, they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs Page. Help to cover your maſter, boy: call your men, miſtreſs Ford. You diſſembling Knight!

Mrs Ford. What, John, Robert, John, go take up theſe cloaths here, quickly. Where's the cowl-ſtaff; look, how you drumble; carry them to the laundreſs in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near; if I ſuſpect without cauſe, why then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt, I deſerve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundreſs, forſooth.

Mrs Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh myſelf of the buck: buck, buck, buck? ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the ſeaſon too, it ſhall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the baſket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night, I'll tell you my dream: here, here, here be my keys; aſcend my chambers: ſearch, ſeek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt. So, now uncape.

Page. Good maſter Ford, be contented: you wrong yourſelf too much.

Ford. True, maſter Page. Up, Gentlemen, you ſhall ſee ſport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantaſtical humours and jealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the faſhion of France; it is not jealous in France.-------

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, ſee the iſſue of his ſearch. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Mrs PAGE *and Mrs* FORD.

Mrs Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs Ford. I know not which pleaſes me better, that my huſband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs Page. What a taking was he in, when your huſband aſked who was in the baſket?

Mrs Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs Page. Hang him, diſhoneſt raſcal; I would all of the ſame ſtrain were in the ſame diſtreſs.

Mrs Ford. I think my huſband hath ſome ſpecial

ſuſpicion of Falſtaff's being here: I never ſaw him ſo groſs in his jealouſy till now.

Mrs Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with Falſtaff: his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarce obey this medicine.

Mrs Ford. Shall we ſend that fooliſh carrion miſtreſs Quickly to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Mrs Page. We'll do it; let him be ſent for tomorrow by eight a clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, *&c.*

Ford. I cannot find him; may be the knave bragged of that he could not compaſs.

Mrs Page. Heard you that?

Mrs Ford. Ay, ay; peace.--You uſe me well, maſter Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do ſo.

Mrs Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs Page. You do yourſelf mighty wrong, Mr Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I muſt bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes, Heaven forgive my ſins at the day of judgment.

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, Mr Ford, are you not aſhamed? what ſpirit, what devil ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not ha' your diſtemper in this kind for the wealth of Windſor Caſtle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr Page: I ſuffer for it.

Eva. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience; your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promiſed you a dinner; come, come, walk in the park. I pray you pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, miſtreſs Page; I pray you pardon me: pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but truſt me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the buſh. Shall it be ſo?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I ſhall make-a the turd.

Eva. In your teeth, for ſhame.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the louſy knave, mine hoſt.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A louſy knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Page's *Houſe.*

Enter FENTON *and Miſtreſs* ANN PAGE.

Fent. I ſee I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, ſweet Nan.

Ann. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou muſt be thyſelf.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that my ſtate being galled with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me,
My riots paſt, my wild ſocieties;

And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property.

Ann. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heav'n ſo ſpeed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confeſs, thy father's wealth
Was the firſt motive that I woo'd thee, Ann;
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in gold, or ſums in ſealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyſelf
That now I aim at.

Ann. Gentle Mr Fenton,
Yet ſeek my father's love: ſtill ſeek it, Sir;
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuit (19)
Cannot attain it, why then——hark you hither.

[Fenton *and Mrs* Ann *go apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Mrs* QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, miſtreſs Quickly; my kinſman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.

Slen. I'll make a ſhaft or a bolt on't; 'd'ſlid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmayed.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me: I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye, Mr Slender would ſpeak a word with you.

Ann. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-coloured faults
Look handſome in three hundred pounds a year!

(19) *If opportunity and humbleſt ſuit*] Dr Thirlby imagines that our Author, with more propriety, wrote,

If *importunity* and humbleſt ſuit.

I have not ventured to diſturb the text, becauſe, though an equal exactneſs be not maintained in the expreſſion, it may mean, 'If the frequent opportunities you find of ſoliciting 'my father, and your obſequiouſneſs to him, cannot get 'him over to your party,' *&c.*

Quic. And how does good maſter Fenton? pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadſt a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mrs Ann; my uncle can tell you good jeſts of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs Ann the jeſt, how my father ſtole two geeſe out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Miſtreſs Ann, my couſin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in Glouceſterſhire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will; come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a ſquire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Ann. Good maſter Shallow, let him woo for himſelf.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good comfort; ſhe calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Ann. Now, maſter Slender.

Slen. Now, good miſtreſs Ann.

Ann. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's-heartlings, that's a pretty jeſt indeed, I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not ſuch a fickly creature, I give heaven praiſe.

Ann. I mean, Mr Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, ſo; if not, happy man be his dole! they can tell you how things go, better than I can; you may aſk your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE, *and Miſtreſs* PAGE.

Page. Now, maſter Slender: love him, daughter Ann.
—Why, how now? what does maſter Fenton here?
You wrong me, Sir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe:
I told you, Sir, my daughter is diſpoſed of.

Fent. Nay, maſter Page, be not impatient.

Mrs Page. Good maſter Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good maſter Fenton.
Come, maſter Shallow; come, ſon Slender, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, maſter Fenton.
[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Quic. Speak to Mrs Page.

Fent. Good miſtreſs Page, for that I love your daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checks, rebukes and manners,
I muſt advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Ann. Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.

Mrs Page. I mean it not, I ſeek you a better huſband.

Quic. That's my maſter, maſter Doctor.

Ann. Alas, I had rather be ſet quick i'the earth,
And bowled to death with turnips.

Mrs Page. Come, trouble not yourſelf, good maſter Fenton.
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loves you,
And as I find her, ſo am I affected.
'Till then, farewel, Sir; ſhe muſt needs go in,
Her father will be angry.
[*Exe. Mrs* Page. *and* Ann.

Fent. Farewel, gentle miſtreſs; farewel, Nan.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your child on a fool and a phyſician? look on maſter Fenton. This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my ſweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains.
[*Exit.*

Quic. Now Heaven ſend thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath, a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet, I would my maſter had miſtreſs Ann, or I would Mr Slender had her; or, in ſooth, I would Mr Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for ſo I have promiſed: and I'll be as good as my word, but ſpeciouſly for Mr Fenton. Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir John Falſtaff from my two miſtreſſes; what a beaſt am I to ſlack it! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the* Garter-Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I ſay.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of ſack, put a toaſt in't. [*Exit* Bard.] Have I lived to be carried in a baſket, like a barrow of butchers offal, and to be thrown into the Thames? well, if I be ſerved ſuch another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the river with as little remorſe, (20) as they would have drowned a bitch's

(20) *As they would have drowned a* blind bitch's *puppies*] I have ventured to tranſpoſe the adjective here, againſt the authority of the printed copies. I know in horſes, a colt from a blind ſtallion loſes much of the value it might other-

blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter; and you may know, by my ſize, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drowned, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a death that I abhor; for the water ſwells a man; and what a thing ſhould I have been, when I had been ſwelled! I ſhould have been a mountain of mummy.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Now, is the ſack brew'd?

Bard. Here's Mrs Quickly, Sir, to ſpeak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in ſome ſack to the Thames-water; for my belly's as cold as if I had ſwallowed ſnow-balls, for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs QUICKLY.

Quic. By your leave: I cry you mercy. Give your worſhip good-morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe challices: go brew me a pottle of ſack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of itſelf: I'll no pullet-ſperm in my brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your worſhip from miſtreſs Ford.

---

wiſe have; but are *puppies* ever drowned the ſooner, for coming from a *blind bitch?* Two other paſſages in our Author countenance the tranſpoſition I have made.

Launce, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*,

——One that I ſaved from drowning, when three or four of his *blind* brothers and ſiſters went to it.

And Iago in *Othello*:

Come, be a man; drown thyſelf? drown cats and *blind puppies.*

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford? I have had Ford enough; I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: ſhe does ſo take on with her men; they miſtook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a fooliſh woman's promiſe.

Quic. Well, ſhe laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to ſee it. Her huſband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her between eight and nine, I muſt carry her word quickly; ſhe'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her; tell her ſo, and bid her think, what a man is: let her conſider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Between nine and ten, ſay'ſt thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, begone; I will not miſs her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of maſter Brook; he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his money well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bleſs you, Sir.

Fal. Now, maſter Brook, you come to know what hath paſſed between me and Ford's wife.

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my buſineſs.

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And you ſped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, maſter Brook.

Ford. How, Sir, did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No, maſter Brook; but the peaking cornuto her huſband, maſter Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealouſy, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kiſſed, proteſted, and as it were ſpoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and, forſooth, to ſearch his houſe for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Miſtreſs Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach, and by her invention, and Ford's wife's diſtraction, they conveyed me into a buck-baſket.

Ford. A buck-baſket?

Fal. Yea, a buck-baſket; rammed me in with foul ſhirts and ſmocks, ſocks, foul ſtockings, and greaſy napkins; that, maſter Brook, there was the rankeſt compound of villainous ſmell that ever offended noſtril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall hear, maſter Brook, what I have ſuffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the baſket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their miſtreſs, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to Datchet-lane; they took me on their ſhoulders, met the jealous knave their maſter in the door, who aſked them once or twice what they had in their baſket; I quaked for fear, leſt the lunatic knave would have ſearched it; but Fate, ordaining he ſhould be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul

cloaths; but mark the ſequel, maſter Brook; I ſuffered the pangs of three egregious deaths: firſt, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous, rotten bell-weather; next, to be compaſſed like a good bilbo in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be ſtopt in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking cloaths that fretted in their own greaſe; think of that, a man of my kidney; think of that, that am as ſubject to heat as butter; a man of continual diſſolution and thaw; it was a miracle to eſcape ſuffocation: and, in the height of this bath, when I was more than half ſtewed in greaſe, like a Dutch diſh, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled glowing hot, in that ſurge, like a horſe-ſhoe; think of that; hiſſing hot; think of that, maſter Brook.

Ford. In good ſadneſs, Sir, I am ſorry that for my ſake you ſuffered all this. My ſuit is then deſperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her huſband is this morning gone a-birding; I have received from her another embaſſy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, maſter Brook.

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſs me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeed; and the concluſion ſhall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You ſhall have her, maſter Brook; maſter Brook, you ſhall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a viſion? is this a dream? do I ſleep? Maſter Ford, awake; awake, maſter Ford; there is a hole made in your beſt coat, maſter Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to

have linen and buck-baſkets! well, I will proclaim myſelf what I am; I will now take the leacher; he is at my houſe; he cannot eſcape me; 'tis impoſſible he ſhould; he cannot creep into a half-penny purſe, nor into a pepper-box. But, leſt the devil that guides him ſhould aid him, I will ſearch impoſſible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, ſhall not make me tame. If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, Page's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs PAGE, *Mrs* QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

Mrs PAGE.

IS he at Mr Ford's already, thinkeſt thou?

Quic. Sure he is by this, or will be preſently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water; Mrs Ford deſires you to come ſuddenly.

Mrs Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to ſchool. Look where his maſter comes; 'tis a playing day, I ſee. How now, Sir Hugh, no ſchool to-day?

Enter EVANS.

Eva. No; maſter Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Bleſſing of his heart.

Mrs Page. Sir Hugh, my huſband ſays my ſon profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you aſk him ſome queſtions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head, come.

Mrs Page. Come on, Sirrah, hold up your head; anſwer your maſter, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, becauſe they ſay od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quic. Poulcats? there are fairer things than poulcats, ſure.

Eva. You are a very ſimplicity o'man; I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A ſtone.

Eva. And what is a ſtone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis*: I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, *ſingulariter nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: well, what is your *accuſative caſe?*

Will. Accuſative, hinc.

Eva. I pray you have your remembrance, child; *accuſative, hung, hang, hog.*

Quic. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, o'man. What is the focative *caſe*, William?

Will. O, *vocativo*, O.

Eva. Remember, William, focative is *caret.*

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. O'man, forbear.

Mrs Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your genitive caſe plural, William?

Will. Genitive caſe?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive, *horum, harum, horum.*

Quic. 'Vengeance of *Ginyes* caſe; fy on her; never name her, child, if ſhe be a whore.

Eva. For ſhame, o'man.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child ſuch words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do faſt enough of themſelves; and to call horum; fy upon you!

Eva. O'man, art thou lunacies? haſt thou no underſtandings for thy caſes, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as fooliſh Chriſtian creatures as I would deſire.

Mrs Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, ſome declenſions of your pronouns.

Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is, *qui, quæ, quod*; if you forget your *quis*, your *quæs*, and your *quods*, you muſt be preeches: go your ways and play, go.

Mrs Page. He's a better ſcholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good ſprag memory. Farewel, Mrs Page.

Mrs Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. Get you home, boy. Come, we ſtay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Ford's *houſe.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and Mrs* FORD.

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance; I ſee you are obſequious in your

love, and I profeſs requital to a hair's breadth; not only, miſtreſs Ford, in the ſimple office of love, but in all the accouſtrement, compliment, and ceremony of it. But are you ſure of your huſband now?

Mrs Ford. He's a-birding, ſweet Sir John.

Mrs Page. [*within.*] What hoa, goſſip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [*Exit* Falſtaff.

Enter Mrs PAGE.

Mrs Page. How now, ſweet-heart, who's at home beſides yourſelf?

Mrs Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs Page. Indeed!

Mrs Ford. No, certainly—Speak louder. [*Aſide.*

Mrs Page. Truly, I am ſo glad you have no body here.

Mrs Ford. Why?

Mrs Page. Why, woman, your huſband is in his old lunes again; he ſo takes on yonder with my huſband, ſo rails againſt all married mankind, ſo curſes all Eve's daughters, of what complexion ſoever, and ſo buffets himſelf on the forehead, crying, *peer-out, peer out!* that any madneſs I ever yet beheld ſeemed but tameneſs, civility, and patience, to this diſtemper he is in now; I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Mrs Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs Page. Of none but him; and ſwears he was carried out, the laſt time he ſearched for him, in a baſket; proteſts to my huſband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpicion; but I am glad the Knight is not here; now he ſhall ſee his own foolery.

Mrs Ford. How near is he, miſtreſs Page?

Mrs Page. Hard by, at the ſtreet's end; he will be here anon.

Mrs Ford. I am undone; the Knight is here.

Mrs Page. Why, then thou art utterly ſhamed, and he is but a dead man. What a woman are you! away with him, away with him; better ſhame than murder.

Mrs Ford. Which way ſhould he go? how ſhould I beſtow him? ſhall I put him into the baſket again?

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' th' baſket: may I not go out ere he come?

Mrs Page. Alas! alas! three of Mr Ford's brothers watch the door with piſtols, that none ſhould iſſue out, otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere he came: but what make you here?

Fal. What ſhall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs Ford. There they always uſe to diſcharge their birding-pieces; creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs Ford. He will ſeek there, on my word; neither preſs, coffer, cheſt, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs Ford. If you go out in your own ſemblance, you die, Sir John, unleſs you go out diſguiſed. How might we diſguiſe him?

Mrs Page. Alas-the-day, I know not; there is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwiſe he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good heart, deviſe ſomething; any extremity rather than miſchief.

Mrs Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brainford, has a gown above.

Mrs Page. On my word it will ſerve him; ſhe is as big as he is, and there's her thrumb hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs Ford. Go, go, ſweet Sir John; miſtreſs Page and I will look ſome linen for your head.

Mrs Page. Quick, quick, we'll come dreſs you ſtraight; put on the gown the while. [*Exit* Falſtaff.

Mrs Ford. I would my huſband would meet him in this ſhape; he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; he ſwears ſhe is a witch, forbade her my houſe, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs Page. Heaven guide him to thy huſband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs Ford. But is my huſband coming?

Mrs Page. Ay, in good ſadneſs is he; and talks of the baſket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint men to carry the baſket again, to meet him at the door with it as they did laſt time.

Mrs Page. Nay, but he'll be here preſently; let us go dreſs him like the witch of Brainford.

Mrs Ford. I'll firſt direct my men what they ſhall do with the baſket; go up, I'll bring linen for him ſtraight.

Mrs Page. Hang him, diſhoneſt varlet, we cannot miſuſe him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too.
We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh:
'Tis old but true, *Still ſwine eats all the draugh.*

Mrs Ford. Go, Sirs, take the baſket again on

your ſhoulders; your maſter is hard at door; if he bid you ſet it down, obey him: quickly, diſpatch.

[*Exeunt Mrs* Page *and Mrs* Ford.

Enter Servants with the baſket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray Heaven it be not full of the Knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not. I had as lief bear ſo much lead.

Enter FORD, SHALLOW, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, maſter Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the baſket, villain: ſomebody call my wife: youth in a baſket! oh you panderly raſcals, there is a knot, a gang, a pack, a conſpiracy againſt me; now ſhall the devil be ſhamed. What! wife, I ſay; come, come forth, behold what honeſt cloaths you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes, maſter Ford,——you are not to go looſe any longer, you muſt be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics; this is mad as a mad dog.

Enter Mrs FORD.

Shal. Indeed, Maſter Ford, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too, Sir. Come hither, miſtreſs Ford; miſtreſs Ford, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her huſband! I ſuſpect without cauſe, miſtreſs, do I?

Mrs Ford. Heaven be my witneſs you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out: come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.*

Page. This passes——

Mrs Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. It is unreasonable; will you take up your wife's cloaths! come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket; why may not he be there again? in my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable: pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time; if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, as jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs Ford. What hoa, mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brainford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean; have I not forbid her my houſe? ſhe comes of errands, does ſhe? we are ſimple men; we do not know what is brought to paſs under the profeſſion of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by ſpells, by the figure; and ſuch dawbry as this is beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I ſay.

Mrs Ford. Nay, good ſweet huſband; good gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF *in womens cloaths, and Mrs* PAGE.

Mrs Page. Come, Mother Prat; come give me your hand.

Ford. I'll Prat her. Out of my door, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you runnion! out, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* Fal.

Mrs Page. Are you not aſhamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs Ford. Nay, he will do it; it is a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no, I think the o'man is a witch indeed: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I ſpy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beſeech you, follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſy; (21) if I cry out thus upon no trail, never truſt me when I open again.

(21) *If I cry out thus upon no* trial, *never truſt me when I open again.*] This is a corruption of the modern editions, the conſequence either of indolence or ignorance. The two firſt Folios have it rightly, *trayle;* which is a hunting term, and correſponds with *cry out,* and *open.* Our Author uſes the word again twice in his *Hamlet.*

Or elſe this brain of mine hunts not the *trayle* of policy, &c.
How chearfully on the falſe *trayle* they cry!

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs Page. Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by th' maſs that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Mrs Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

Mrs Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſs is, ſure, ſcared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our huſbands how we have ſerved him?

Mrs Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your huſband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will ſtill be the miniſters.

Mrs Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly ſhamed; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publicly ſhamed.

Mrs Page. Come to the forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Garter-Inn.

Enter HOST *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the German deſires to have three of your horſes; the Duke himſelf will be to-morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be, comes ſo ſe-

cretly? I hear not of him in the Court: let me ſpeak with the gentlemen; they ſpeak Engliſh?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall have my horſes, but I'll make them pay, I'll ſawce them. They have had my houſe a week at command; I have turned away my other gueſts; (22) they muſt compt off; I'll ſawce them, come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Ford's *houſe.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs* PAGE, *Mrs* FORD, *and* EVANS,

Eva. 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of a o'man, as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe letters at an inſtant?

Mrs Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will ſuſpect the ſun with cold,
Than thee with wantonneſs; thy honour ſtands
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm of faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in ſubmiſſion, as in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public ſport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

(22) ——*they muſt* come off.] This can never be our Poet's or his hoſt's meaning; to *come off*, is, in other terms, to *go ſcot-free*; but theſe Germans had taken up the hoſt's houſe, and he was reſolved to make them pay for it. We muſt certainly, therefore, read, they muſt *compt* off; *i. e.* they muſt pay off the accompt; or, as we now ſay, *down with their pence.* Mr *Warburton.*

Ford. There is no better way than that they ſpoke of.

Page. How? to ſend him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fy, fy, he'll never come.

Eva. You ſay he hath been thrown into the river, and has been grievouſly peaten as an old o'man; methinks there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come; methinks his fleſh is puniſhed, he ſhall have no deſires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs Ford. Deviſe but how you'll uſe him when he comes,
And let us two deviſe to bring him thither.

Mrs Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windſor-foreſt,
Doth all the winter time at ſtill of midnight
Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns;
And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a chain
In a moſt hideous and dreadful manner.
You've heard of ſuch a ſpirit; and well you know,
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed Eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear,
In deep of night, to walk by this Herne's oak;
But what of this?

Mrs Ford. Marry, this is our device, (23)

(23) Mrs Ford. *Marry, this is our device,*
That Falſtaff *at that oak ſhall meet with us.*
Page. *Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come.*
And in this ſhape *when you have brought him thither,*]
Thus this paſſage has been tranſmitted down to us, from the time of the firſt edition by the players. But what was this ſhape, in which Falſtaff was to be appointed to meet?

That Falſtaff at that oak ſhall meet with us.
We'll ſend him word to meet us in the field,
Diſguiſed like Herne, with huge horns on his head.
Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come.
And in this ſhape when you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? what is your plot?
Mrs Page. That likewiſe we have thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little ſon,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dreſs
Like urchins, ouphes, and Fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a ſudden,
As Falſtaff, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed ſong: upon their ſight,
We two, in great amazedneſs, will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight;
And aſk him why, that hour of Fairy revel,
In their ſo ſacred paths he dares to tread
In ſhape profane?
Mrs Ford. And 'till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed Fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their tapers.
Mrs Page. The truth being known,
We'll all preſent ourſelves; diſhorn the ſpirit,
And mock him home to Windſor.
Ford. The children muſt
Be practiſed well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

For the women have not ſaid one word to aſcertain it. This makes it more than ſuſpicious, the defect in this point muſt be owing to ſome wiſe retrenchment. The two intermediate lines, which I have reſtored from the old Quarto, are abſolutely neceſſary, and clear up the matter.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jackanapes alſo, to burn the Knight with my taper.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs Page. My Nan ſhall be the Queen of all the Fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That ſilk will I go buy, and in that 'tire (24)
Shall Mr Slender ſteal my Nan away, [*Aſide.*
And marry her at Eaton. Go, ſend to Falſtaff ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of Brook; he'll tell me all his purpoſe. Sure he'll come.

Mrs Page. Fear not you that; go get us properties and tricking for our Fairies.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleaſures, and ferry honeſt knaveries.

[*Ex.* Page, Ford *and* Evans.

Mrs Page. Go, Mrs Ford,
Send Quickly to Sir John, to know his mind. (25)
[*Exit Mrs* Ford.

(24) *That ſilk will I go buy, and in that* time
Shall Mr Slender *ſteal*, &c.] What! muſt Slender ſteal Mrs Ann, while her father goes to buy the ſilk ſhe was to be dreſſed in? This was no part of the ſcheme. Her garb was to be the ſignal for Slender to know her by. The alteration of a ſingle letter gives us the Poet's reading. *Tire* is as common with our Poet, and other writers of his age, as *attire*, to ſignify *dreſs*. And my emendation is clearly juſtified by what Fenton afterwards tells the hoſt.

Her father means ſhe ſhall be all in white,
And in *that dreſs*, when Slender ſees his time
To take her by the hand, &c.

(25) *Send* quickly *to Sir* John, *to know his mind.*] The whole ſet of printed copies downwards have ſunk our meſſenger here into an adverb. Dame Quickly is the perſon intended

I'll to the Doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, tho' well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at Court; he, none but he shall have her,
Tho' twenty thousand worthier came to crave her.
[*Exit*.

SCENE *changes to the* Garter-Inn.

Enter HOST *and* SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldest thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff, from Mr Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new; go, knock and call; he'll speak like an anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, 'till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the Knight may be robbed: I'll call. Bully Knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine Host, thine Ephesian calls.

FALSTAFF *above.*

Fal. How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the co-

to be sent to Sir John; and accordingly when we next find her with him, she tells him, she comes from the two parties, *viz.* Mrs Ford and Mrs Page.

ming down of thy fat woman: let her deſcend, bully, let her deſcend; my chambers are honourable. Fy, privacy, fy!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine hoſt, an old fat woman even now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wife woman of Brainford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, muſſel-ſhell, what would you with her?

Simp. My maſter, Sir, my maſter Slender ſent to her, ſeeing her go thro' the ſtreet, to know, Sir, whether one Nym, Sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what ſays ſhe, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, ſhe ſays that the very ſame man that beguiled maſter Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

Simp. I would I could have ſpoken with the woman herſelf; I had other things to have ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hoſt. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dieſt.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about miſtreſs Ann Page; to know if it were my maſter's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her or no: go; ſay the woman told me ſo.

Simp. May I be ſo bold to ſay ſo, Sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worſhip: I ſhall make my maſter glad with theſe tidings. [*Exit* Simple.

Hoſt. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir John: was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine hoſt; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, Sir, cozenage! mere cozenage!

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for ſo ſoon as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off from behind one of them in a ſlough of mire, and ſet ſpurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Fauſtus's.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meet the Duke, villain; do not ſay they be fled; Germans are honeſt men.

Enter EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine hoſt?

Hoſt. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend o'mine come to town tells me, there is three cozen-jermans that has cozened all the hoſts of Readings, of Maiden-head, of Colebrook, of horſes and money. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wiſe, and full of gibes and vlouting-ſtocks, and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozened; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Ver' is mine hoſt de Jarteer?

Hoſt. Here, maſter Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke de Jamany; by my trot, der is no Duke dat the Court is know to come; I tell you for good will; adieu. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Hue and cry, villain, go! aſſiſt me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry! villain, I am undone! [*Exit.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the ear of the Court, how I have been tranſformed, and how my transformation hath been waſhed and cudgeled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fiſhermens boots with me. I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as creſt-fallen as a dried pear. I never proſpered ſince I foreſwore myſelf at Primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to ſay my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mrs QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forſooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtowed. I have ſuffered more for their ſakes, more than the villainous inconſtancy of man's diſpoſition is able to bear.

Quic. And have they not ſuffered? yea, I warrant, ſpecioufly one of them; miſtreſs Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What telleſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myſelf into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brainford: but that my admirable dexte-

rity of wit, counterfeiting the (26) action of a wood woman, delivered me; the knave conſtable had ſet me i' th' ſtocks, i' th' common ſtocks for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your chamber; you ſhall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will ſay ſomewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together; ſure one of you does not ſerve Heaven well, that you are ſo croſſed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FENTON *and* HOST.

Hoſt. Maſter Fenton, talk not to me, my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me ſpeak: aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loſs.

Hoſt. I will hear you, maſter Fenton; and I will, at the leaſt, keep your counſel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Ann Page;
Who, mutually, hath anſwered my affection,
(So far forth as herſelf might be her chuſer)

(26) *Action of an* old *woman,*] This reading is no great compliment to the ſagacity of our former editors, who could content themſelves with words, without any regard to the reaſoning. What! was it any dexterity of wit in Sir John Falſtaff, to counterfeit the action of an *old* woman, in order to eſcape being apprehended for a *witch?* ſurely one would imagine this was the readieſt means to bring him into ſuch a ſcrape, for none but *old* women have ever been ſuſpected of being *witches.* The text muſt certainly be reſtored, as I have corrected it, a *wood* woman; *i. e.* a crazy, frantic woman; one too wild and ſilly, and unmeaning, to have either the malice, or miſchievous ſubtlety of a witch in her. I have explained, and proved the uſe of this term, in one of my notes on the Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Even to my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents, as you will wonder at:
The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,
Without the show of both. Fat Sir John Falstaff
Hath a great scene; the image of the jest
I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine host;
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen;
The purpose why is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eaton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented.—Now,
Her mother, ever strong against that match, [Sir,
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds;
And at the Deanry, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her; to this her mother's plot,
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the Doctor.—Now, thus it rests;
Her father means she shall be all in white,
And in that dress, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him.---Her mother hath intended,
The better to devote her to the Doctor,
(For they must all be masked and vizarded)
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribbands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar

To ſtay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, huſband your device; I'll to the Vicar;
Bring you the maid, you ſhall not lack a prieſt.

Fent. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſide, I'll make a preſent recompence. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter FALSTAFF *and Mrs* QUICKLY.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling; go, I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lyes in odd numbers; away, go; they ſay there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death; away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit* Mrs Quickly.

Fal. Away, I ſay, time wears: hold up your head and mince.

Enter FORD.

How now, maſter Brook? maſter Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, maſter Brook, as you ſee, like a poor old man; but I came from her, maſter Brook, like a poor old woman. That ſame knave, Ford, her huſband, hath the fineſt mad devil of jealouſy in him, maſter Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you; he beat me grievouſly in the ſhape of a woman; for in the ſhape of a man, maſter Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam; becauſe I know alſo, life is a ſhuttle. I am in haſte; go along with me, I'll tell you all, maſter Brook. Since I pluckt geeſe, played truant and

whipt top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you ſtrange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow; ſtrange things in hand, maſter Brook! follow.—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *Windſor*-Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

PAGE.

COME, come: we'll couch i' th' caſtle-ditch, 'till we ſee the light of our Fairies. Remember, ſon Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forſooth, I have ſpoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another, I come to her in white, and cry *mum*; ſhe cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your mum, or her budget; the white ſhall decipher her well enough. It hath ſtruck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark, light and ſpirits will become it well; heaven proſper our ſport! No man means evil but the devil, and we ſhall know him by his horns. Let's away: follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs PAGE, *Mrs* FORD *and* CAIUS.

Mrs Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and diſpatch it quickly; go before into the Park: we two muſt go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [*Exit.*

Mrs Page. Fare you well, Sir. My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter; but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of Fairies, (27) and the Welch devil Evans?

Mrs Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery. Those that betray them do no treachery. [chery,

Mrs Ford. The hour draws on; to the oak, to the oak. [*Exeunt.*

Enter EVANS *and* FAIRIES.

Eva. Trib, trib, Fairies; come and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: come. Come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

(27) *And the Welsh devil* Herne?] Thus all the impressions have blundered after each other; but Falstaff was to represent Herne, and he was no Welchman. Where was the attention or sagacity of our editors, not to observe that Mrs Ford is enquiring for Evans by the name of the Welsh devil? the mistake of the word Herne getting into the text, might easily happen by the inadvertence of transcribers, who threw their eyes too hastily on the succeeding line, where the word again occurs. Dr Thirlby likewise discovered the blunder of this passage.

Enter FALSTAFF, *with a Buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windſor bell hath ſtruck twelve, the minute draws on; now the hot blooded gods aſſiſt me! Remember, Jove, thou waſt a bull for thy Europa; love ſet on thy horns. Oh powerful love! that, in ſome reſpects, makes a beaſt a man; in ſome other, a man a beaſt. You were alſo, Jupiter, a ſwan, for the love of Leda: oh, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a gooſe! A fault done firſt in the form of a beaſt,—O Jove, a beaſtly fault; and then another fault in the ſemblance of a fowl:—think on't, Jove, a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men do? for me, I am here a Windſor ſtag, and the fatteſt, I think, i' th' foreſt. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piſs my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs FORD *and Mrs* PAGE.

Mrs Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male-deer?

Fal. My doe with the black ſcut? let the ſky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green-ſleeves;* hail kiſſing-comfits, and ſnow eringoes; let there come a tempeſt of provocation, I will ſhelter me here

Mrs Ford. Miſtreſs Page is come with me, ſweetheart.

Fal. (28) Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch; I will keep my ſides to myſelf, my ſhoul-

(28) *Divide me like a* brib'd buck,] Thus all the old copies miſtakingly: it muſt be *bribe-buck; i. e.* a buck ſent for a bribe. I made the correction in my Shakeſpeare Reſtored; and Mr Pope has reformed the paſſage by it, in his laſt edition.

ders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs Ford. Mrs Page. Away, away.

[*The women run out.*

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he never would else cross me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH *like a Satyr;* QUICKLY, *and others, dressed like Fairies, with tapers.*

Quic. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
You ouphen-heirs of fixed destiny, (29)
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier hobgoblin, make the Fairy o-yes.

Eva. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou findest unraked, and hearths ununswept,

(29) *You* orphan-*heirs of*] Why *orphan-heirs?* destiny, to which they owed their original, and to whom they were heirs, was yet in *being* sure: therefore they could not be called orphans. Doubtless the Poet wrote,

You *ouphen*-heirs of fixed destiny.

i. e. You *elves*, that succeed to, and minister in, some of the works of destiny. They are called both before and after, in this play, *ouphs*, here *ouphen;* for *en* is either the Saxon termination of plural nouns; (the word itself being from the Saxon *Alfenne, lamiæ, dæmones;*) or the termination of an adjective, formed from a noun; as *wooden, woolen, golden, brazen,* &c. Mr *Warburton.*

There pinch the maids as blew as bilberry.
Our radiant Queen hates sluts and sluttery. [die.
Fal. They're Fairies; he that speaks to them shall
I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye.
[*Lyes down upon his face.*
Eva. Where's Pede? go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those that sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and
Quic. About, about; [shins.
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room,
That it may stand 'till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, as the owner it (30).
The several chairs of order look you scour,
With juice of balm and every precious flower;
Each fair installment coat and several crest,
With loyal blazon evermore be blest!
And nightly meadow-Fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter-compass, in a ring:
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense* write,
In emmold-tuffs, flowers purple, blue and white,
Like saphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knighthood's bending knee;
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

(30) ——and *the owner it.*] *And* cannot be the true reading, both because the grammar of the sentence will not allow it, and his court to Queen Elizabeth directs to another reading;
——*as* the owner it.

Away, diſperſe; but, 'till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of cuſtom round about the oak
Of Herne, the hunter, let us not forget.
Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand, yourſelves in order ſet:
And twenty glow-worms ſhall our lanthorns be,
To guide our meaſure round about the tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.
Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy, leſt he transform me to a piece of cheeſe!
Eva. Vild worm, thou waſt o'er-looked even in thy birth.
Quic. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end;
If he be chaſte, the flame will back deſcend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.
Eva. A trial, come——
[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*
Come, will this wood take fire?
Fal. Oh, oh, oh!
Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire;
About him, Fairies, ſing a ſcornful rhyme,
And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.
Eva. (31) It is right, indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

The SONG.

Fy on ſinful phantaſy:
Fy on luſt and luxury:

for ſure he would not wiſh a thing, which his complaiſance and addreſs muſt ſuppoſe actually was; *viz.* the worth of the owner. Mr *Warburton.*

(31) Eva. *It is right, indeed:*] This ſhort ſpeech, which is very much in character for Sir Hugh, I have inſerted from the old Quarto.

Luſt is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaſte deſire,
Fed in heart whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, Fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy:
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and ſtar-light, and moon-ſhine be out.

(32) *During this ſong they pinch him. Doctor* Caius *comes one way, and ſteals away a boy in green;* Slender *another way, and he takes away a boy in white; and* Fenton *comes and ſteals away Mrs* Ann Page. *A noiſe of hunting is made within. All the Fairies run away.* Falſtaff *pulls off his buck's head, and riſes.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *&c. They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we've watcht you now;
Will none but Herne the hunter ſerve your turn?
Mrs Page. I pray you come; hold up the jeſt no higher.
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windſor wives?
See you theſe, huſbands? do not theſe fair yoaks (33)
Become the foreſt better than the town?

(32) *During this ſong.*] This direction I thought proper to inſert from the old Quartos, as it is neceſſary to explain what is in action on the ſcene, and on which a part of the cataſtrophe of the fable depends.

(33) *See you theſe, huſbands? Do not theſe fair* oaks
Become the foreſt better than the town?] What *oaks*, in the name of nonſenſe, do our ſagacious editors make Mrs Page talk of? the oaks in the Park? But there was no intention of tranſplanting them into the *town*.——*Mę quidem pudet, pigetque.* The firſt Folio reads, as the Poet intended, *yoaks*: and Mrs Page's meaning is this. She ſpeaks to her own, and Mrs Ford's huſband, and aſks them, if they ſee

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now? Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave, here are his horns, master Brook, and, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck, we could never meet. I will never take thee for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies; I was three or four times in the thought they were not Fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprize of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment.

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve God, and leave your desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat

the *horns* in Falstaff's hand; and then alluding to them as the types of *cuckoldom*, puts the question, whether those *ornaments* are not more proper in the *forest* than in the *town*, in a shame in their families, as a reproach to them.

too? ſhall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I were choaked with a piece of toaſted cheeſe.

Eva. Seeſe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seeſe and putter? have I lived to ſtand in the taunt of one that makes fritters of Engliſh? this is enough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thruſt virtue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and given ourſelves without ſcruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax? (34)

Mrs Page. A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and ſacks and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtarings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the ſtart of me; I am dejected; I am not able to anſwer the Welch flannel; ignorance itſelf is a plummet o'er me; uſe me as you will.

(34) *What, a* hog's *pudding?*] Mr Pope has helped us to this *hog*'s pudding; all the other editions which I have ſeen have it rightly *hodge* pudding, as it is vulgarly written and pronounced. The French call, to ſhake and jumble together, *hocher*; and they have a diſh called *un hoche-pot*, which is a mixture of ſeveral ſorts of meats cooked up together. They likewiſe call it *un pot pourri*, (ſays Richelet), a diſh made up of ſeveral meats macerated; and ſuch a *gallimaufrey*, does Ford mean, is Falſtaff.

Ford. Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to Windſor, to one Mr Brook that you have cozened of money, to whom you ſhould have been a pander; over and above that you have ſuffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs Ford. Nay, huſband, (35) let that go to make amends:
Forgive that ſum, and ſo we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand, all's forgiven at laſt.

Page. Yet be chearful, Knight; thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to-night at my houſe, where I will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Mr Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs Page. Doctors doubt that: if Ann Page be my daughter, ſhe is by this Doctor Caius's wife.

[*Aſide.*

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. What hoe! hoe! father Page?

Page. Son, how now? how now, ſon? have you diſpatched?

Slen. Diſpatched? I'll make the beſt in Glouceſterſhire know on't; would I were hanged la, elſe.

Page Of what, ſon?

(35) Mrs Ford. *Nay, huſband,*] This and the following little ſpeech I have inſerted from the old Quartos. The retrenchment, I preſume, was by the players; and an injudicious one, in my opinion. Sir John Falſtaff is deſigned the favourite character in the play. His vices are the ſubject of all the pleaſantry: and he is ſufficiently puniſhed, in being diſappointed and expoſed. The expectation of his being perſecuted for the twenty pounds, gives the concluſion too tragical a turn. Beſides, it is poetic juſtice that Ford ſhould ſuſtain this loſs, as a fine for his unreaſonable jealouſy.

Slen. I came yonder at Eaton to marry miſtreſs Ann Page, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' th' church, I would have ſwinged him, or he ſhould have ſwinged me. If I did not think it had been Ann Page, would I might never ſtir, and 'tis a poſt-maſter's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think ſo, when I took a boy for a girl; if I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you ſhould know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried mum, and ſhe cried budget, as Ann and I had appointed; and yet it was not Ann, but a poſt-maſter's boy.

Eva. Jeſhu! maſter Slender, cannot you ſee, but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vext at heart. What ſhall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry; I knew of your purpoſe, turned my daughter into green, and indeed ſhe is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Ver is miſtreſs Page? by gar, I am cozened; I ha' married one garſoon, a boy; one peaſant, by gar. A boy, it is not Ann Page; by gar I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why? did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; by gar, I'll raiſe all Windſor.

Ford. This is ſtrange! who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart miſgives me; here comes Mr Fenton.

Enter FENTON *and* ANN PAGE.

How now, Mr Fenton?

Ann. Pardon, good father; good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, miſtreſs, how chance you went not with Mr Slender.

Mrs Page. Why went you not with Mr Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her; hear the truth of it.
You would have married her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love:
The truth is, ſhe and I long ſince contracted,
Are now ſo ſure, that nothing can diſſolve us.
The offence is holy that ſhe hath committed;
And this deceit loſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazed, here is no remedy.
In love, the Heavens themſelves do guide the ſtate;
Money buys lands, and wives are ſold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, Heaven give thee joy;
What cannot be eſchewed, muſt be embraced.

Eva. I will alſo dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all ſorts of deer are chaced.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muſe no further. Mr Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days.
Good huſband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this ſport o'er by a country fire,
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo —— Sir John,
To-maſter Brook you yet ſhall hold your word;
For he to-night ſhall ly with miſtreſs Ford.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

MEASURE

FOR

MEASURE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of* Vienna.
Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's abſence.*
Eſcalus, } *an ancient Lord, joined with* Angelo *in the deputation.*
Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*
Lucio, *a Fantaſtic.*
Two Gentlemen.
Varrius, *a Gentleman, ſervant to the Duke.*
Provoſt.
Thomas, } *two Friars.*
Peter, }
A Juſtice.
Elbow, *a ſimple Conſtable.*
Froth, *a fooliſh Gentleman.*
Clown, *Servant to Mrs* Over-don.
Abhorſon, *an Executioner.*
Barnardine, *a diſſolute priſoner.*

Iſabella, *ſiſter to* Claudio.
Marina, *betrothed to* Angelo.
Juliet, *beloved of* Claudio.
Franciſca, *a Nun.*
Miſtreſs Over-don, *a bawd.*

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

ESCALUS,——.

Escal. My Lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse;
Since I am not to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: (1) then no more remains;

(1) ——*then no more remains;*
Put *that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,*
And let them work.] I doubt not but this passage, either from the impertinence of the actors, or the negligence of the copyists, has come maimed to us. In the first place, what an unmeasurable, inharmonious verse have we here; and then, how lame is the sense! What was Escalus to put to his *sufficiency?* Why, his *science.* But his science and his sufficiency were but one and the same thing. On what then does the relative, *them*, depend? The old editions read thus;

——Then no more remains,

Put that to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's inſtitutions, and the terms
Of common juſtice, y'are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commiſſion,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hi-
I ſay, bid come before us Angelo! [ther,
What figure of us, think you, he will bear?
For you muſt know, we have with ſpecial ſoul
Elected him our abſence to ſupply;
Lent him our terror, dreſt him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: ſay, what think you of it?

Eſcal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo ſuch ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look where he comes.

But that to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work.

Here again, the ſenſe is manifeſtly lame and defective, and as the verſification is ſo too, they concur to make me think a line has accidentally been left out. Perhaps ſomething like this might ſupply our Author's meaning.

——Then no more remains,
But that to your ſufficiency *you add*
Due diligency, as your worth is able;
And let them work.

By ſome ſuch ſupplement both the ſenſe and meaſure would be cured. But as the conjecture is unſupported by any authorities, I have not pretended to thruſt it into the text, but ſubmit it to judgment. They who are acquainted with books know, that where two words of a ſimilar length and termination happen to ly under one another, nothing is more common than for tranſcribers to glance their eye at once from the firſt to the undermoſt word, and ſo leave out the intermediate part of the ſentence.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleaſure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the obſerver doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: thyſelf and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper, as to waſte
Thyſelf upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues (2)
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,
But to fine iſſues; nor nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty Goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe. But I do bend my ſpeech
To one that can my part in him advertiſe;
Hold therefore, Angelo:
In our remove, be thou at full ourſelf.
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Eſcalus,
Though firſt in queſtion, is thy ſecondary.
Take thy commiſſion.
Ang. Now, good my Lord,
Let there be ſome more teſt made of my metal,
Before ſo noble and ſo great a figure
Be ſtampt upon it.
Duke. Come, no more evaſion:
We have with a prepared and leavened choice

(2) ——*for if our virtues*
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.] This ſentiment ſeems to have ſprung from the following paſſage of *Horace*, lib. 4. Ode 9.
Paulum ſepultæ diſtat Inertiæ
Celata Virtus.

Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quick condition,
That it prefers itſelf, and leaves unqueſtioned
Matters of needful value. We ſhall write to you,
As time and our concernings ſhall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befal you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commiſſions.

Ang. Yet give me leave, my Lord,
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.

Duke. My haſte may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any ſcruple; your ſcope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws,
As to your ſoul ſeems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and Ave's vehement;
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The Heavens give ſafety to your purpoſes!

Eſcal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happineſs!

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. I ſhall deſire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what ſtrength and nature
I am not yet inſtructed.

Ang. 'Tis ſo with me: let us withdraw together,
And we may ſoon our ſatisfaction have
Touching that point.

Eſcal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [*Exeunt*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter LUCIO, *and two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not to compoſition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the King.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludeſt like the ſanctimonious pirate, that went to ſea with the ten commandments, but ſcraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal.——

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the reſt from their functions; they put forth to ſteal; there's not a ſoldier of us all that, in the thankſgiving before meat, do reliſh the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any ſoldier diſlike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: for, I think, thou never waſt where grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? grace is grace, deſpight of all controverſy; as for example, thou thyſelf art a wicked villain, deſpight of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well; there went but a pair of ſheers between us.

Lucio. I grant, as there may between the liſts and the velvet. Thou art the liſt.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee:

I had as lief be a liſt of an Engliſh kerſey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou doſt; and, indeed, with moſt painful feeling of thy ſpeech, I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but whilſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myſelf wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes.

1 *Gent.* I have purchaſed as many diſeaſes under her roof, as come to——

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand dollars a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more. (3)

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diſeaſes in me; but thou art full of error; I am ſound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would ſay healthy; but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety hath made a feaſt of thee.

(3) *A* French *crown more.*] Lucio means here not the piece of money ſo called, but that venereal ſcab which among the ſurgeons is ſtiled *corona veneris.* To this, I think, our Author likewiſe makes Quince allude, in *Midſummer Night's Dream.*

Some of your *French crowns* have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.

As Ben Johnſon does likewiſe in *Cynthia's Revels.*

Aſot. I, Sir, I'll aſſure you, 'tis a beaver. It coſt me eight crowns but this morning.

Amo. After your French account?

Aſot. Yes, Sir.

Cri. And ſo near his head?—Beſhrew me, dangerous. For where theſe eruptions are, the ſkull is carious, and the party becomes bald.

Enter BAWD.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the moſt profound ſciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arreſted, and carried to priſon, was worth five thouſand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to priſon? 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis ſo; I ſaw him arreſted; ſaw him carried away; and, which is more, within theſe three days his head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo: art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be; he promiſed to meet me two hours ſince, and he was ever preciſe in promiſe-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Beſides, you know, it draws ſomething near to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1 *Gent.* But moſt of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exe.*

Manet BAWD.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the ſweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am cuſtom-ſhrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. Yonder man is carried to priſon.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him.
You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houſes in the ſuburbs of Vienna muſt be plucked down.

Bawd. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the city?

Clown. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed; they had gone down too, but that a wiſe burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the ſuburbs be pulled down?

Clown. To the ground, miſtreſs.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth; what ſhall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good counſellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapſter ſtill. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapſter? let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Provoſt to priſon; and there's Madam Juliet.

[*Exe.* Bawd *and* Clown.

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and Officers*, LUCIO *and two Gentlemen.*

Claud. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to the world?
Bear me to priſon, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight.
The words of Heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty;
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors; and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment: what's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, Sir, you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good: is letchery so looked after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me. Upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta's bed,
(You know the lady), she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower

Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
'Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The ſtealth of our moſt mutual entertainment,
With character too groſs, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily even ſo:
And the new deputy now for the Duke,
(Whether it be the fault and glimpſe of newneſs,
Or whether that the body public be
A horſe whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command, lets it ſtrait feel the ſpur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I ſtagger in):—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties, [wall
Which have, like unſcoured armour, hung by the
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round, (4)
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowſy and neglected act
Freſhly on me; it is ſurely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is; and thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a milk-maid, if ſhe be in love, may ſigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done ſo, but he is not to be found. I pray thee, Lucio, do me this kind ſervice: This day my ſiſter ſhould the cloiſter enter, And there receive her approbation.

(4) *So long, that* nineteen *zodiacs have gone round,*] The Duke, in the ſcene immediately following, ſays,

Which for theſe *fourteen* years we have let ſlip.

The Author could not ſo diſagree with himſelf, in ſo narrow a compaſs. The numbers muſt have been wrote in figures, and ſo miſtaken: for which reaſon, 'tis neceſſary to make the two accounts correſpond.

Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate,
Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict deputy; bid herſelf aſſay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men! beſides, ſhe hath proſperous
When ſhe will play with reaſon and diſcourſe, [art
And well ſhe can perſuade.

Lucio. I pray ſhe may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand under grievous impoſition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould be thus fooliſhly loſt at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Monaſtery.*

Enter DUKE *and Friar* THOMAS.

Duke. No; holy father, throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat boſom: why I deſire thee
To give me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe
More grave and wrinkled, than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace ſpeak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed;
And held in idle price to haunt aſſemblies
Where youth, and coſt, and witleſs bravery keeps.
I have delivered to Lord Angelo
(A man of ſtricture and firm abſtinence) (5)

(5) *A man of* ſtricture] Mr Warburton obſerves, that *ſtrictura*, from which this word ſhould ſeem to be formed, ſignified, among the Latins, the *ſpark* which flies from red-hot iron when ſtruck; whence, in Engliſh, it has been me-

My absolute power and place here in Vienna;
And he supposes me travelled to Poland;
For so I've strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received; now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds), (6).

taphorically taken for a *bright stroke* in an Author; nor has it, says he, any other signification. And he very reasonably questions, whether it had that in Shakespeare's time. As so remote a signification could have no place in the text here, he suspects that two words must have ignorantly been jumbled into one, and that our Author wrote:

A man of *strict ure* and firm abstinence; *i. e.* a man of a severe habit of life. *Ure*, 'tis certain, was a word used in Chaucer's time for chance, destiny, fortune, (when derived from *heur*;) and also for habit, custom, (when contracted from the *usura* of the Latins;) whence we have formed our compound adjective, *enured*, habituated to. Though I have not disturbed the text, the conjecture was too ingenious to be passed over in silence. But as it is most frequent with our Author as well to coin words, as to form their terminations *ad libitum*, he may have adopted *stricture* here to signify *strictness*, as afterwards, in this very play, he has introduced *prompture*, the usage of which word I no where else remember in our tongue; neither have we *promptura* or *prompture* from the Latin or French that I know of.

(6) *The needful bits and curbs for headstrong* weeds.] There is no manner of analogy or consonance in the metaphors here; and though the copies agree, I do not think the Author would have talked of bits and curbs for *weeds*. On the other hand, nothing can be more proper than to compare persons of unbridled licentiousness to headstrong steeds: and, in this view, *bridling the passions* has been a phrase adopted by our best poets.

So *Horace*, lib iv. od. 15.

——*et ordinem*
Rectam evaganti frena licentiæ
Injecit, emovitque culpas,
Et veteres revocavit artes,

Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep; (7)
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their childrens' sight,
For terror not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
T' unloose this ty'd-up justice when you pleas'd:

So in his Epistles, lib. i. ep 2.

——*æquum rege, qui nisi paret,*
Imperat, hunc frenis, hunc tu compesce catena.

And so the elegant *Phædrus*, lib. i. fab. 2.

Procax libertas *civitatem miscuit;*
Frenumque *solvit pristinum* licentia.

But instances were endless, both from the poets and prose writers.

(7) *Which for these* fourteen *years we have let slip.*] For *fourteen* I have made no scruple to replace *nineteen*. The reason will be obvious to the reader, who shall look back to the 4th note upon this play. I have, I hope, upon as good authority, altered the odd phrase of *letting the laws slip*: for supposing the expression might be justified, yet how does it sort with the comparison that follows, of a lion in his cave, that went not out to prey? but letting the laws *sleep*, as I have restored to the text, adds a particular propriety to the thing represented, and accords exactly too with the simile. It is the metaphor too, that our Author seems fond of using upon this occasion, in several other passages of this play.

The law hath not been dead, though it hath *slept*:
——'Tis now *awake*.

And so again,

——but this new governor
Awakes me all th' enrolled *penalties*;
——and for a name
Now puts the *drowsy* and neglected *act*
Freshly on me.

And it in you more dreadful would have seemed,
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them,
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office:
Who may in th' ambush of my name strike home
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do it slander: and to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people; therefore, pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a *Nunnery.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Nun. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly; I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.
Lucio. [*Within.*] Hoa! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who's that which calls?
Nun. It is a man's voice: gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;

You may; I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress;
Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face;
Or if you shew your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit* Franc.

Isab. Peace and prosperity! who is't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, (if you be) as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less; can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! for what?

Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks;
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not (tho' 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so.
I hold you as a thing en-sky'd and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit,
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover having embraced,
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming Time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings

To teeming foyſon; ſo her plenteous womb
Expreſſeth his full tilth and huſbandry.
Iſab. Some one with child by him?—my couſin
Lucio. Is ſhe your couſin? [Juliet?
Iſab. Adoptedly, as ſchool-maids change their
By vain, tho' apt affection. [names,
Lucio. She it is.
Iſab. O, let him marry her.
Lucio. This is the point.
The Duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence:
Bore many gentlemen, myſelf being one,
In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
By thoſe that know the very nerves of ſtate,
His givings-out were of an infinite diſtance
From his true-meant deſign. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo, a man whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, ſtudy and faſt.
He, (to give fear to uſe and liberty,
Which have long time run by the hideous law
As mice by lions), hath pickt out an act,
Under whoſe heavy ſenſe your brother's life
Falls into forfeit; he arreſts him on it,
And follows cloſe the rigour of the ſtatute,
To make him an example; all hope is gone,
Unleſs you have the grace, by your fair prayer,
To ſoften Angelo; and that is my pith of buſineſs
'Twixt you and your poor brother.
Iſab. Doth he ſo
Seek his life?
Lucio. H'as cenſured him already;
And, as I hear, the Provoſt hath a warrant
For his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor
Ability's in me to do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power? Alas! I doubt.
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
Isab. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But speedily.
Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying, but to give the Mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good Sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Palace.*

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, *a* JUSTICE *and Attendants.*

ANGELO.

WE must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom makes it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attained the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Erred in this point, which now you censure him,
And pulled the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to justice,
That justice seizes on. What know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Enter PROVOST.

Escal. Be't as your wisdom will.
Ang. Where is the Provost?
Prov. Here, if it like your honour.
Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.—— [*Exit Provost.*

Escal. Well, Heaven forgive him, and forgive us
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run through brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, CLOWN, *and Officers.*

Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir, what's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well: here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapster, Sir; parcel bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, Sir, was as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house; which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I detest before Heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman;—

Escal. Doſt thou deteſt her therefor?

Elb. I ſay, Sir, I will deteſt myſelf alſo, as well as ſhe, that this houſe, if it be not a bawd's houſe, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Escal. How doſt thou know that, Conſtable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if ſhe had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accuſed in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanneſs there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by miſtreſs Over-don's means: but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defied him.

Clown. Sir, if it pleaſe your honour, this is not ſo.

Elb. Prove it before theſe varlets, here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he miſplaces?

Clown. Sir, ſhe came in great with child; and longing (ſaving your honour's reverence) for ſtewed prunes; Sir, we had but two in the houſe, which at that very diſtant time ſtood, as it were, in a fruit-diſh, a diſh of ſome three pence; (your honours have ſeen ſuch diſhes; they are not China diſhes, but very good diſhes.)

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the diſh, Sir.

Clown. No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point; as I ſay, this miſtreſs Elbow, being, as I ſay, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I ſay, for prunes, and having but two in the diſh, as I ſaid; maſter Froth here, this very man, having eaten the reſt, as I ſaid, and, as I ſay, paying for them very honeſtly; for, as you know, maſter Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well; you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, ſo I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were paſt cure of the thing you wot of, unleſs they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Eſcal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpoſe: what was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cauſe to complain of? come to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your honour can not come to that yet.

Eſcal. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your honour's leave: and, I beſeech you, look into maſter Froth here, Sir, a man of fourſcore pound a-year; whoſe father died at Hallowmas. Was't not at Hallowmas, maſter Froth?

Froth. All-holland-eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, Sir, ſitting, as I ſay, in a lower chair, Sir; 'twas in the bunch of grapes, where indeed you have a delight to ſit, have you not?

Froth. I have ſo, becauſe it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in Ruſſia,
When nights are longeſt there. I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cauſe,
Hoping you'll find good cauſe to whip them all.

Eſcal. I think no leſs. Good-morrow to your Lordſhip. [*Exit* Angelo.

Now, Sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clown. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, Sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beseech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face; good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Mr Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right, constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clown. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with

her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer: prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for't: what is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses 'till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it; thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what is come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou wicked varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To* Froth.

Froth. Here in Vienna, Sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, Sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, Sir? [*To the* Clown.

Clown. A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clown. Mistress Over-don.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, Sir: Over-don by the last.

Escal. Nine? Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Mr Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well, no more of it, master Froth; farewel. [*Exit* Froth.

Come you hither to me, maſter tapſter; what's your name, maſter tapſter?

Clown. Pompey.

Eſcal. What elſe?

Clown. Bum, Sir.

Eſcal. Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about you; ſo that, in the beſtliſt ſenſe, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howſoever you colour it in being a tapſter; are you not? come, tell me true, it ſhall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Eſcal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? what do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Eſcal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it ſhall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clown. Does your worſhip mean to geld and ſplay all the youth in the city?

Eſcal. No, Pompey.

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worſhip will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Eſcal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commiſſion for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten years, (8) I'll rent the faireſt

(8) *I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after three pence a* day.] This reading firſt got place in Mr Pope's impreſſion, who, I preſume, did not know how to account for *bay*, the reading of the old copies; and which I have reſtored to the text. For my part, I believe our Poet had no notion of reducing

house in it, after three pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and in requital of your prophecy, hark you; I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you: in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt; so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable; how long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven years and a half, Sir.

house-rent to a proportion by the day. The meaning is this. The fashion of buildings in our Author's time, was to have two or three semicircular juttings out in front, (which we still see in the remains of old houses), where the windows were placed; and these projections were called *bays*; as the windows were from them, called *bay-windows*, or *compass windows*; the last of which terms we meet with in our Author's *Troilus and Cressida*.

She came to him t'other day into the *compass window*.

Minshew tells us, the reason of the name being given was, because this form of building resembled a *bay*, or road for ships, which is always round, and bowing, to break off the force of the water.——So that houses, as I said, having not above two or three of these juttings out, the clown says, The houses won't be worth above three-pence a *bay*; *i. e.* ninepence *per* year at the largest computation. I had almost forgot to observe, that Chaucer mentions a bay-window in his *Court of Love*.

And there beside, within a *bay-windowe*,
Stod one in grene, full large of bred and length, &c.

Escal. I thought, by your readineſs in the office, you had continued in it ſome time; you ſay, ſeven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you; they do you wrong to put you ſo oft upon't: are there not men in your ward ſufficient to ſerve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in ſuch matters; as they are choſen, they are glad to chuſe me for them. I do it for a piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of ſome ſix or ſeven the moſt ſufficient of your pariſh?

Elb. To your worſhip's houſe, Sir?

Escal. To my houſe. Fare you well. What's a clock think you? [*Exit* Elbow.

Juſt. Eleven, Sir.

Escal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

Juſt. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio: But there's no remedy.

Juſt. Lord Angelo is ſevere.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itſelf, that oft looks ſo;
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe:
But yet, poor Claudio! there's no remedy.
Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PROVOST, *and a Servant.*

Serv. He's hearing of a cauſe; he will come ſtraight: I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do; I'll know
His pleaſure; may be he'll relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All ſects, all ages ſmack of this vice; and he
To die for it!——

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, Provoſt? [row?
Prov. Is it your will, Claudio ſhall die to-mor-
Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? hadſt thou not
Why doſt thou aſk again? [order?
Prov. Leſt I might be too raſh.
Under your good correction, I have ſeen
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to; let that be mine,
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you ſhall well be ſpared.
Prov. I crave your pardon.
What ſhall be done, Sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.
Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitting place, and that with ſpeed.
Serv. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemned
Deſires acceſs to you.
Ang. Hath he a ſiſter?
Prov. Ay, my good Lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be ſhortly of a ſiſterhood,
If not already.
Ang. Well; let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you the fornicatreſs be removed;
Let her have needful, but not laviſh means;
There ſhall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO *and* ISABELLA.

Prov. 'Save your honour.
Ang. Stay yet a while.—Y'are welcome; what's
your will?
Iſab. I am a woeful ſuitor to your honour,
Pleaſe but your honour hear me.
Ang. Well; what's your ſuit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well, the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemned to die;
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemned, ere it be done;
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then;—Heaven keep your honour!

Lucio. Give not o'er so; to him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touched with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,

May call it back again. Well believe this, (9)
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does: if he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have ſlipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been ſo ſtern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Iſab. I wou'd to Heaven I had your potency,
And you were Iſabel; ſhould it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a priſoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waſte your words.

Iſab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the ſouls that were, were forfeit once;
And he, that might the 'vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,

(9) *Well, believe this,*] This manner of pointing, which runs through all the copies, gives an air of addreſs too familiar for an inferior to uſe to a perſon of diſtinction. But taking away the comma after *well*, not only removes the objection, but reſtores a mode of expreſſion which our Author delights to uſe. Well believe this; *i. e.* be convinced, be thoroughly aſſured of this.

So afterwards in this play, Angelo ſays,

I think it *well*.

So Gonzalo in the *Tempeſt*,

I do *well* believe your Highneſs,——

And ſo in King *John*,

And *well* ſhall you perceive——

So one of the gentlemen in the opening ſcene of *Cymbeline*,

I do *well* believe.

And ſo Piſanio, in the ſame play,

——You ſhall be miſs'd at Court;
And that will *well* confirm it, &c. &c.

If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? oh, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; he dies to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? oh! that's sudden. Spare him, spare him.
He's not prepared for death: even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my Lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept:
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe
Had answered for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass that shews what future evils,
Or new, or by remissness new conceived,
And so in progress to be hatched and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees;
But here they live to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all when I shew justice,
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismissed offence would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied,
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers: oh, 'tis excellent

To have a giant's ſtrength, but it is tyrannous
To uſe it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well ſaid.

Iſab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himſelf does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would uſe his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather with thy ſharp and ſulphurous bolt
Split'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the ſoft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
Dreſſed in a little brief authority,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſured,
His glaſſy eſſence, like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our ſpleens,
Would all themſelves laugh mortal. (10)

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, wench; he will relent;
He's coming: I perceive't.

Prov. Pray Heaven ſhe win him! [ſelf: (11)

Iſab. We cannot weigh our brother with your-

(10) *As make the angels weep; who, with our ſpleens, Would all themſelves laugh mortal.*] Men play ſuch fantaſtic tricks, and appear ſo ridiculous, as to make the angels weep in compaſſion of our extravagance; who, if they were endued with our ſpleens and periſhable organs, would laugh themſelves out of immortality; or, as we ſay in common life, laugh themſelves dead. This notion of the angels weeping for the ſins of men is purely *rabbinical*: *Oo peccatum flentes angelos inducunt Hebræorum Magiſtri.*——Grotius *ad* L. Lucam, c. 15. v. 7.

(11) *We cannot weigh our brother with* ourſelf.] Why not? Though this ſhould be the reading of all the copies, 'tis as plain as light, it is not the Author's meaning. Iſabella would ſay, there is ſo great a diſproportion in quality betwixt Lord Angelo and her brother, that their actions can bear no compariſon or equality together; but her brother's crimes would be aggravated, Angelo's frailties extenuated, from the difference of their degrees and ſtate of life.

Mr *Warburton.*

Great men may jeſt with ſaints; 'tis wit in them,
But, in the leſs, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl; more o'that.

Iſab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.

Lucio. Art adviſed o'that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put theſe ſayings upon me?

Iſab. Becauſe authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itſelf,
That ſkins the vice o' the top. Go to your boſom;
Knock there, and aſk your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.

Ang. She ſpeaks, and 'tis ſuch ſenſe,
That my ſenſe breeds with it. Fare you well.

Iſab. Gentle, my Lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.

Iſab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good, my Lord, turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Iſab. Ay, with ſuch gifts, that Heaven ſhall ſhare with you.

Lucio. You had marred all elſe.

Iſab. Not with fond ſhekels of the teſted gold,
Or ſtones, whoſe rate are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That ſhall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere ſun-riſe: prayers from preſerved ſouls
From faſting maids, whoſe minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well: come to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to: 'tis well, away.

Iſab. Heaven keep your honour ſafe!

Ang. Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croſs.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your Lordſhip?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. Save your honour! [*Exe.* Lucio *and* Iſab.
Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who ſins moſt?
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the ſun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous ſeaſon. Can it be,
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe,
Than woman's lightneſs? having waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the ſanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? oh, fy, fy, fy!
What doſt thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What? do I love her,
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that to catch a ſaint,
With ſaints doſt bait thy hook! moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue: ne'er could the ſtrumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever 'till this very now,
When men were fond, I ſmiled, and wondered how.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Priſon.*

Enter DUKE, *habited like a Friar, and* PROVOST.

Duke. Hail to you, Provoſt; ſo I think you are.
Prov. I am the Provoſt; what's your will, good Friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleſt orders,
I come to viſit the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the priſon: do me the common right
To let me ſee them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look here comes one, a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth, (12)
Hath bliſtered her report: ſhe is with child;
And he that got it ſentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another ſuch offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When muſt he die?

Prov. As I do think to-morrow.
I have provided for you; ſtay a while, [*To* Juliet.
And you ſhall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the ſin you carry?

Juliet. I do, and bear the ſhame moſt patiently.

(12) *Who falling in the* flaws *of her own youth,*
Hath bliſtered *her report:*] As *bliſtered* follows in the ſecond line, Mr Warburton ingeniouſly adviſes to read *flames* in the firſt. And it is the metaphor our Author elſewhere chuſes to uſe. So Polonius in *Hamlet*,

——I do know,
When the blood *burns*, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows. Theſe *blazes*, oh, my daughter, &c.

And ſo the Counteſs, in *All's Well that Ends Well*,

Nat'ral rebellion, done i' th' *blaze* of youth,
When oil and *fire*, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and *burns* on.

And ſo Proſpero, in *The Tempeſt*,

——do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To th' *fire i' th' blood*:——

Duke. I'll teach you how you ſhall arraign your conſcience,
And try your penitence, if it be found,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wronged you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wronged him.

Duke. So then, it ſeems, your moſt offenceful act
Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your ſin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confeſs it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet ſo, daughter; but repent you not,
As that the ſin has brought you to this ſhame?
Which ſorrow's always towards ourſelves, not heaven;
Showing we'd not ſeek heaven, as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the ſhame with joy.

Duke. There reſt.
Your partner, as I hear, muſt die to-morrow,
And I am going with inſtructions to him;
So grace go with you; *Benedicite.* [*Exit.*

Juliet. Muſt die to-morrow! oh, injurious love,
That reſpites me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſeveral ſubjects: Heaven hath my empty words,
Whilſt my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Iſabel: Heaven is in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;

And in my heart the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: the ſtate whereon I ſtudied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown feared and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming? blood, thou art but blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's creſt.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Iſabel, a ſiſter, deſires acceſs to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. Oh, heavens!
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart,
Making both that unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the foolish throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo,
The general ſubjects to a well-wiſhed king
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Crowd to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence. How now, fair maid?

Enter ISABELLA.

Iſab. I come to know your pleaſure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much
better pleaſe me,
Than to demand what it is. Your brother cannot live.

Iſab. Even ſo:—Heaven keep your honour!

[*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and it may be
As long as you or I; yet he muſt die.
Iſab. Under your ſentence?
Ang. Yea.
Iſab. When, I beſeech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted,
That his ſoul ſicken not.
Ang. Ha! fy, theſe filthy vices! it were as good
To pardon him, that hath from Nature ſtolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſawcy ſweetneſs, that do coin Heaven's image
In ſtamps that are forbid; it is all as eaſy
Falſely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in reſtrained means
To make a falſe one.
Iſab. 'Tis ſet down ſo in heaven, but not in earth.
Ang. And ſay you ſo? then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moſt juſt law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs
As ſhe that he hath ſtained.
Iſab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my ſoul.
Ang. I talk not of your ſoul; our compelled ſins
Stand more for number than accompt.
Iſab. How ſay you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can ſpeak
Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a ſentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in ſin,
To ſave this brother's life?
Iſab. Pleaſe you to do it,
I'll take it as a peril to my ſoul,
It is no ſin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you're ignorant,
Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masques
Proclaim an en-shield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed. But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross;
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question), that you his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,

And ſtrip myſelf to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been ſick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to ſhame.

Ang. Then muſt your brother die.

Iſab. And it were the cheaper way;
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the ſentence
That you have ſlandered ſo?

Iſab. An ignominious ranſom and free pardon
Are of two houſes; lawful mercy, ſure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption. [rant!

Ang. You ſeemed of late to make the law a ty-
And rather proved the ſliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Iſab. O pardon me, my Lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we ſpeak not what
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate, [we mean:
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Iſab. Elſe let my brother die, (13)

(13) *Elſe let my brother die,*

If not a feodary, *but only he*, &c.] This is ſo obſcure a paſſage, but ſo fine in its application, that it deſerves to be explained. A feodary was one that in the times of vaſſalage held lands of the chief Lord, under the tenure of paying rent and ſervice, which tenures were called *feuds* amongſt the Goths. This being premiſed, let us come to a paraphraſe of our Author's words. 'We are all frail, ſays Angelo. Yes, replies Iſabella, if all mankind were not *feodaries*, 'who owe what they have to this tenure of imbecility, and 'who ſucceed each other by the ſame tenure, as well as my 'brother, I would give him up.' And the comparing mankind, (who, according to ſome divines, ly under the weight of original ſin) to a feodary, who owes ſuit and ſervice to his Lord, is, I think, one of the moſt beautiful allusions imaginable. Mr *Warburton.*

If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed by weakness!

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! help Heaven; men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well;
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we're made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames) let me be bold:
I do arrest your words: be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you're more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well expressed
By all external warrants, shew it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one; gentle, my Lord,
Let me intreat you, speak the formal language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me, that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed!
And most pernicious purpose! seeming! seeming!
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't;
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretched throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?

My unſoiled name, th' auſtereneſs of my life,
My vouch againſt you, and my place i' th' State,
Will ſo your accuſation overweigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,
And ſmell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my ſenſual race the rein,
Fit thy conſent to my ſharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious bluſhes,
That baniſh what they ſue for: redeem thy brother,
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or elſe he muſt not only die the death,
But thy unkindneſs ſhall his death draw out
To lingering ſufferance. Anſwer me to-morrow;
Or by th' affection that now guides me moſt,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my falſe o'erweighs your true.
[*Exit.*

Iſab. To whom ſhould I complain? did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O moſt perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the ſelf-ſame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make curtſy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother.
Tho' he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoop
To ſuch abhorred pollution.
Then, Iſabel, live chaſte, and brother die;
More than our brother is our chaſtity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's requeſt;
And fit his mind to death, for his ſoul's reſt. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Prison.*

Enter DUKE, CLAUDIO, *and* PROVOST.

DUKE.

SO, then you've hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope: I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: or death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life; (14)
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences,

(14) ——*Reason thus with life;*
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep. But this reading is not only contrary to all sense and reason, but to the drift of this moral discourse. The Duke, in his assumed character of a friar, is endeavouring to instill into the condemned prisoner a resignation of mind to his sentence; but the sense of the lines, in this reading, is a direct persuasive to suicide! I make no doubt but the Poet wrote,
That none but fools would *reck*
i. e. care for, be anxious about, regret the loss of.
Mr *Warburton.*
And the word is very frequent with our Author. *Two Gentlemen of Verona,*
Recking as little what befideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
And *Hamlet,*
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And *recks* not his own reed.
Et alibi passim.

That do this habitation, where thou keepeſt,
Hourly afflict: merely thou art death's fool;
For him thou labourеſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runneſt toward him ſtill. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bearеſt
Are nurſed by baſeneſs: thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provokeſt; yet groſsly fearеſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyſelf;
For thou exiſteſt on many a thouſand grains
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriveſt to get;
And what thou haſt forgetteſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bearеſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou haſt none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee ſire,
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the gout, ſerpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth
nor age; (15)

(15) —— *Thou haſt nor* youth *nor* age. &c.] Mr Warburton has given me a correction of and paraphraſe on this and the ſubſequent lines, which ſhews ſo fine a ſpirit, that tho' I have not ventured to diſturb the text, I muſt not deprive my Readers of it —" The drift of this period, *you ſee*, is to " prove, that neither youth nor age is really enjoyed: " which, in poetical language, is, We have neither youth, " nor age." But how is this proved? That age is not enjoyed, " he makes appear by recapitulating the infirmities " of it, which deprive old age of the ſenſe of pleaſure. To " prove youth is not enjoyed, he uſes theſe words; *for all* " *thy thefts youth becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms of palſied* " *Eld*, Out of which, he that can deduce the proof, *erit mihi*

But as it were an after dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied Eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? yet in this life
Ly hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
That make these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die,
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What ho? peace here: grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

"*magnus* Apollo." Undoubtedly, if we would know how the Author wrote, we must read,

——— for *pa'led*, thy *blazed* youth
Becomes *assuaged*; and doth beg the alms
Of palsied Eld.

"*i. e.* When thy youthful appetite becomes palled, as it "will be in the enjoyment, the blaze of youth becomes "assuaged, and thou immediately contracteſt the infirmities "of age; as, particularly, the palsy, and other nervous in- "firmities; the consequence of the enjoyment of sensual "pleasure. This is to the purpose; and proves youth is "not enjoyed, by shewing the fleeting duration of it."

Duke. Bring them to ſpeak where I may be con-
Yet hear them. [ceal'd,

[*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provoſt.

Claud. Now, ſiſter, what's the comfort?

Iſab. Why, as all comforts are; moſt good in deed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his ſwift ambaſſador;
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting leiger.
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,
To-morrow you ſet on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Iſab. None, but ſuch remedy, as to ſave a head
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Iſab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you 'till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Iſab. Ay, juſt; perpetual durance; a reſtraint,
Tho' all the world's vaſtidity you had,
To a determined ſcope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Iſab. In ſuch a one as you, conſenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Iſab. Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Leſt thou a feverous life ſhouldeſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven winters more reſpect
Than a perpetual honour. Dareſt thou die?
The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corperal ſufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this ſhame?

Think you I can a reſolution fetch
From flowery tenderneſs? if I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Iſab. There ſpake my brother; there my father's
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou muſt die: [grave
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward-ſainted deputy,
Whoſe ſettled viſage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth emmew,
As faulcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil:
His filth within being caſt, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Iſab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damnedeſt body to inveſt and cover
In princely guards. Doſt thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mighteſt be freed?

Claud. Oh, Heavens! it cannot be.

Iſab. Yes, he would give't thee; for his rank of-
So to offend him ſtill. This night's the time [fence,
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou dieſt to-morrow.

Claud. Thou ſhalt not do't.

Iſab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, deareſt Iſabel.

Iſab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-
morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the noſe,
When he would force it? ſure it is no ſin,
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.

Iſab. Which is the leaſt?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined? Oh Iſabel!
Iſab. What ſays my brother?
Claud. Death's a fearful thing.
Iſab. And ſhamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:
To ly in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,
To be impriſoned in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of theſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling;——'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life, (16)
That age, ach, penury, impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.
Iſab. Alas! alas!
Claud. Sweet ſiſter, let me live;
What ſin you do to ſave a brother's life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deed ſo far,
That it becomes a virtue.

(16). *The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,*] This natural fear of Claudio from the antipathy we have to death, ſeems very little varied from that infamous wiſh of Mæcenas recorded in the 101ſt Epiſtle of Seneca.

Debilem facito manu,
Debilem pede coxâ;
Tuber adſtrue gibberum,
Lubricos quate dentes:
Vita, dum ſupereſt, bene eſt.
Hanc mihi, vel acutâ
Si ſedeam cruce, ſuſtine.

Mr *Warburton.*

Isab. Oh you beast!
Oh faithless coward! oh dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? what should I think?
Heaven grant my mother played my father fair,
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perish! might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death.
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. Oh, fy, fy, fy!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd;
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, Isabel.

To them, Enter DUKE *and* PROVOST.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister; but one word.

Isab. What is your will!

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious

denial, which he is moſt glad to receive: I am confeſſor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourſelf to death. Do not ſatisfy your reſolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you muſt die; go to your knees and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my ſiſter pardon; I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it.

[*Exit* Claud.

Duke. Hold you there; farewel. Provoſt, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone; leave me a while with the maid: my mind promiſes with my habit, no loſs ſhall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit* Provoſt.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodneſs that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace being the ſoul of your complexion, ſhall keep the body of it ever fair. The aſſault that Angelo hath made to you, Fortune hath conveyed to my underſtanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this ſubſtitute, and to ſave your brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my ſon ſhould be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke deceived in Angelo! if ever he return, and I can ſpeak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or diſcover his government.

Duke. That ſhall not be much amiſs; yet as the matter now ſtands, he will avoid your accuſation; he made trial of you only. Therefore faſten your ear on my adviſings. To the love I have in doing

good; a remedy preſents itſelf. I do make myſelf believe that you may moſt uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no ſtain to your own gracious perſon; and much pleaſe the abſent Duke, if peradventure he ſhall ever return to have hearing of this buſineſs.

Iſab. Let me hear you ſpeak farther; I have ſpirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful: have you not heard ſpeak of Mariana, the ſiſter of Frederick, the great ſoldier who miſcarried at ſea?

Iſab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her ſhould this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed; between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at ſea, having in that periſhed veſſel the dowery of his ſiſter. But mark how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman; there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her moſt kind and natural; with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage dowery; with both, her combinate huſband, this well-ſeeming Angelo.

Iſab. Can this be ſo? did Angelo ſo leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; ſwallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, diſcoveries of diſhonour: in few, beſtowed her on her own lamentation, which ſhe yet wears for his ſake; and he, a marble to her tears, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! but how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, (that in all reason should have quenched her love,) hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted, in course now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupted Deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lyes much in your holding up; haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St Luke's; there at the

moated grange reſides this dejected Mariana; at that place call upon me, and diſpatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Iſab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE, *changes to the Street.*

Re-enter DUKE *as a friar;* ELBOW, CLOWN, *and Officers.*

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall have all the world drink brown and white baſtard.

Duke. Oh Heavens! what ſtuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world ſince of two uſuries the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allowed by order of law. A furred gown to keep him warm, and furred with fox and lamb-ſkins too, to ſignify that craft, being richer than innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: bleſs you, good father Friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law; and, Sir, we take him to be a thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a ſtrange picklock, which we have ſent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fy, ſirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back
From ſuch a filthy vice? ſay to thyſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live. (17)

(17) *I drink, I eat away myſelf, and live.*] Thus hitherto in

Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed it doth ſtink in ſome ſort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove ——.

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for ſin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to priſon, officer;
Correction and inſtruction muſt both work,
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him warning; the Deputy cannot abide a whore-maſter; if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
Free from all faults, as faults from ſeeming free!

Enter LUCIO.

Elb. His neck will come to your waiſt, a cord, Sir.

Clown. I ſpy comfort: I cry bail: here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

all the impreſſions. This is one very excellent inſtance of the ſagacity of our editors, and it were to be wiſhed heartily, they would have obliged us with their phyſical ſolution how a man can eat away himſelf and live. The ingenious Mr. Biſhop, when we read this play together, gave me that moſt certain emendation which I have ſubſtituted in the room of the former fooliſh reading, by the help whereof we have this eaſy ſenſe; that the clown fed himſelf, and put cloaths on his back, by exerciſing the vile trade of a bawd.

In *Othello*, Iago ſpeaks much to the ſame purpoſe of Caſſio's ſtrumpet.

A houſewife, that by ſelling her deſires,
Buys herſelf bread and *cloath*.

And Ben Johnſon, much nearer to the words of the paſſage here corrected, in his *Epigram* upon Lieutenant Shift.

By that one ſpell he lives, eats, drinks, *arrays* himſelf.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? what, at the wheels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? what, is there none of Pigmalion's images newly made woman to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutched? what reply? ha? what sayest thou to this tune, matter and method? is't not drowned i' th' last rain? ha? what sayest thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? which is the way? is it sad and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus; still worse.

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? procures she still? ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so. Ever your fresh whore, and your powdered bawd; an unshunned consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clown. Yes, faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewell: go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewell, good Pompey: commend me to the prison, Pompey; you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear; I will pray, Pompey, to encrease your bondage; if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: adieu, trusty Pompey. Bless you, Friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, Friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey, go:

[*Exeunt* Elbow, Clown *and Officers.*

What news, Friar, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none; can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Ruſſia; other ſome, he is in Rome; but where is he think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wherefoever, I wiſh him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantaſtical trick of him to ſteal from the ſtate, and uſurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his abſence; he puts tranſgreſſion to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him; ſomething too crabbed that way, Friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and ſeverity muſt cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impoſſible to extirp it quite, Friar, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They ſay this Angelo was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a ſea-maid ſpawned him; ſome, that he was begot between two ſtock-fiſhes: but it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine

is congealed ice; that I know to be true: (18) and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You're pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man! would the Duke, that is absent, have done this? ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducket in her clack-dish; the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a shy fellow was the Duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No; pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and lips; but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

(18) ——*and he is a motion* generative; *that's infallible.*] This may be sense; and Lucio, perhaps, may mean, that though Angelo have the organs of generation, yet that he makes no more use of them than if he were an inanimate puppet. But I rather think our Author wrote——and he is a motion *ungenerative*,——because Lucio again, in this very scene, says,——this *ungenitur'd* agent will unpeople the province with continency.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak: but if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite; but indeed I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, Friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow, or not?

Duke. Why should he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish:

I would the Duke we talk of were returned again; this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency. Sparrows must not build in his house-eves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered he would never bring them to light; would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewel, good Friar; I pry'thee pray for me: (19) the Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt of brown bread and garlick: say that I said so: farewel. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back wounding Calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST *and* BAWD.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good, my Lord, be good to me: your honour is accounted a merciful man, good my Lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonitioned, and still forfeit in the same kind? this would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the Duke's time! he promised her mar-

(19) *The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays.*] This is not meant to impeach the Duke of being an ill Catholic, as transgressing the rules of abstinence in diet; but the joke alluded to will be explained by looking to the third note on the Two Gentlemen of Verona.

riage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see, how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence; let him be called before us. Away with her to prison: go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the* Bawd.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this Friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See,
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i'th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurst. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world; this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes,
Contended specially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him re-

joice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared? I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I by my good leisure have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Duke. Peace be with you!
He who the sword of Heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Tho' angel on the outward side!

How may that likeneſs, made in crimes, (20)
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle ſpiders ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things?
Craft againſt vice I muſt apply.
With Angelo to-night ſhall ly
His old betrothed, but deſpis'd;
So diſguiſe ſhall by th' diſguis'd
Pay with falſhood falſe exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Grange.*

Enter MARIANA, *and a Boy ſinging.*

SONG.

TAKE, oh, take thoſe lips away, (21)
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn;

(20) *How may likeneſs, made in crimes,*
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle ſpider's ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things?] This obſcure and ungrammatical paſſage Mr Warburton has reſtored to its purity, only by adding one monoſyllable, and throwing out another; as he has likewiſe made it intelligible by the following comment: "How much wickedneſs may a man hide "within, though he appears like an angel without! How "may that likeneſs, made in crimes, *i. e.* by hypocriſy; [a "pretty paradoxical expreſſion, of an angel *made in crimes*] "by impoſing on the world, [thus emphatically expreſſed, "*making practice on the times*]: draw with its falſe and empty "pretences [which Shakeſpeare finely calls, *ſpiders ſtrings*] "the moſt ponderous and ſubſtantial things of the world, "as riches, honour, power, reputation," &c.

(21) *Take, oh, take thoſe lips away,*] This ſong, we think, no doubt, was a great favourite in its time, is inſerted in Beau-

But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Enter DUKE.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquired after: I have sate here all day.

Enter ISABEL.

Duke. I do constantly believe you: the time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be I will call upon you anon for some advantage to yourself.

ment and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, with this additional stanza:

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears;
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears.
But my poor heart first set free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

With this addition likewise it is printed in the volume of Shakespeare's Poems. The reason of this second stanza being omitted here is obvious. Mariana has the song sung, applicable to her love for Angelo, and his perjury to her; and the addition can only suit, when addressed from a lover to his mistress.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and well come:
What is the news from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backed;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key;
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promise made to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No: none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possest him my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What, hoa! within! come forth!

Enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like. [you?

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect

Mari. Good Friar, I know you do; and I have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,

Who hath a ſtory ready for your ear:
I ſhall attend your leiſure; but make haſte;
The vaporous night approaches.
Mari. Wilt pleaſe you walk aſide?
[*Exeunt* Mar. *and* Iſab.
Duke. Oh place and greatneſs! millions of falſe eyes
Are ſtuck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts
Upon thy doings: thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams, [greed?
And rack thee in their fancies! Welcome; how a-

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABEL.

Iſab. She'll take the enterpriſe upon her, father,
If you adviſe it.
Duke. 'Tis not my conſent,
But my entreaty too.
Iſab. Little have you to ſay
When you depart from him, but ſoft and low,
Remember now my brother.
Mari. Fear me not.
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your huſband on a pre-contract;
To bring you thus together 'tis no ſin,
Sith that the juſtice of your title to him
Doth flouriſh the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to ſow. (22)
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Priſon.*

Enter PROVOST *and* CLOWN.

Prov. Come hither, ſirrah; can you cut off a man's head?

(22) ——*for yet our* tythe's *to ſow.*] It muſt be *tilth*; that is, our tillage is yet to be made; our grain is yet to be put in the ground; the project, from which we expect to profit in the iſſue, is ſtill to be put in hand.

Clown. If the man be a bachelor, Sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I dare never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner. [there?

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! where's Abhorson,

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution; if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fy upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, Sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit*

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good favour; (for surely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir, a mystery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a my-

ſtery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, uſing painting, do prove my occupation a myſtery: but what myſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hanged I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a myſtery.

Clown. Proof.——

Abhor. (23) Every true man's apparel fits your thief, clown: if it be too little for your true man, your thief thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your true man, your thief thinks it little enough: ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will ſerve him: for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner aſk forgiveneſs.

Prov. You, ſirrah, provide your block and your ax to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd, I will inſtruct thee in my trade; follow.

(23) Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief.* Clown. *If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.*) This is a very notable paſſage, as it ſtands in all the editions; but I dare ſay is notably corrupted, and both the ſpeeches and the words ſhuffled and miſplaced. What! does the clown aſk proof, how the hangman's trade is a myſtery; and ſo ſoon as ever Abhorſon advances his theſis to prove it, the clown takes the argument out of his mouth, and perverts the very tenor of it? I am ſatisfied the Poet intended a regular ſyllogiſm; and I ſubmit it to judgment, whether my regulation has not reſtored that wit and humour which was quite loſt in the depravation.

Clown. I do desire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you (24) shall find me yare: for, truly, Sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn. [*Exit.*

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio;
One has my pity, not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, tho' he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast locked up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lyes starkly in the traveller's bones:
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Exit* Claud.] But, hark, what noise? [*Knock within.*
Heaven give your spirits comfort!—by and by;—
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio. Welcome, father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. The best and wholsomest spirits of the night
Envelope you, good Provost! who called here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

(24) *You shall find me* yours;] This reading, I believe, was first Mr Rowe's; and consequently adopted by the last editor. The old books have it. You shall find me *y'are*. Very little sagacity might have instructed them, that the corruption is only in the apostrophe; and that the Poet's word was *yare*; *i. e.* dextrous in the office; a word very frequent in our Author's writings.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There is ſome in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is paralelled
Even with the ſtroke and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his power
To qualify in others. Were he mealed
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being ſo, he's juſt. Now are they come.
[*Knock again.* Provoſt *goes out.*
This is a gentle Provoſt; ſeldom when
The ſteeled goaler is the friend of men.
How now? what noiſe? that ſpirit's poſſeſt with haſte,
That wounds the unreſiſting poſtern with theſe
ſtrokes. [Provoſt *returns.*

Prov. There he muſt ſtay, until the officer
Ariſe to let him in; he is called up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he muſt die to-morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provoſt, as it is,
You ſhall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily
You ſomething know; yet, I believe there comes
No countermand; no ſuch example have we:
Beſides, upon the very ſiege of juſtice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profeſſed the contrary.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his Lordſhip's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Meſſ. My Lord hath ſent you this note, and by me this further charge, that you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt article of it, neither in time, matter, or

other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit* Messen.

Duke. This is his pardon, purchased by such sin,
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority;
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That, for the fault's love, is the offender friended.
Now, Sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks, strangely; for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you let's hear.

Provost *reads the Letter.*

"Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let "Claudio be executed by four of the clock, and in "the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me "by five. Let this be duely performed, with a "thought that more depends on it than we must "yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as "you will answer it at your peril."

What say you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not either delivered him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him; and, indeed, his fact, 'till now in the government of

Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifestly, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and shewed him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written on your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo, who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide; let this

Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it; shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so barbed before his death; you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke; you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find within these two days he will be here. This is a thing which Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance of the Duke's death; perchance of his entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd; put not

yourself into amazement how these things should be; all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession; one would think it were mistress Over-don's own house; for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Mr Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper and old ginger, nine score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request: for the old women were all dead. Then there is here one Mr Caper, at the suit of Mr Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured sattin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then we have here young Dizzy, and young Mr Deep-vow, and Mr Copper-spur, and Mr Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Mr Forthright the tilter, and brave Mr Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-canne that stabbed Pots, and I think forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's sake.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clown. Master Barnardine, you must rise and be hanged, master Barnardine.

Abhor. What, hoa, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats; who makes that noise there? what are you?

Clown. Your friend, Sir, the hangman; you muſt be ſo good, Sir, to riſe, and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am ſleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he muſt awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, maſter Barnardine, awake 'till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming: I hear the ſtraw ruſtle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, ſirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorſon? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers; for look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I've been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghoſtly father; do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my brains with billets. I will not conſent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you muſt; and therefore I be-

ſeech you look forward on the journey you ſhall go.

Barnar. I ſwear I will not die to-day for any man's perſuaſion.

Duke. But hear you——

Barnar. Not a word; if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter PROVOST.

Duke. Unfit to live or die: oh gravel heart! After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the priſoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death; And to tranſport him in the mind he is Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the priſon, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a moſt notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head Juſt of his colour: what if we omit This reprobate 'till he were well inclined, And ſatisfy the Deputy with the viſage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that Heaven provides: Diſpatch it preſently; the hour draws on Prefixed by Angelo: ſee this be done, And ſend according to command; while I Perſuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This ſhall be done, good father, preſently: But Barnardine muſt die this afternoon; And how ſhall we continue Claudio, To ſave me from the danger that might come, If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done; [Claudio: Put them in ſecret holds, both Barnardine and

Ere twice the ſun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder generation, you ſhall find
Your ſafety manifeſted.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, diſpatch, and ſend the head to Angelo. [*Exit* Prov

Now will I write letters to Angelo,
(The Provoſt he ſhall bear them); whoſe contents,
Shall witneſs to him I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll deſire
To meet me at the conſecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We ſhall proceed with Angelo.

Enter PROVOST.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it myſelf.

Duke. Convenient is it: make a ſwift return;
For I would commune with you of ſuch things
That want no ears but yours.

Prov. I'll make all ſpeed. [*Exit.*

Iſab. [*Within.*] Peace, hoa, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Iſabel---She comes to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither;
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected.

Enter ISABEL.

Iſab. Hoa, by your leave— [daughter.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious

Iſab. The better, given me by ſo holy a man:
Hath yet the Deputy ſent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releaſed him, Iſabel, from the world;
His head is off, and ſent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other. [tience.
Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your closest pa-
Isab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio, wretched Isabel!
Injurious world, most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your cause to Heaven:
Mark what I say, which you shall surely find
By every syllable a faithful verity.
The Duke comes home to-morrow; dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can pace
your wisdom,
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.
Isab. I am directed by you.
Duke. This letter then to Friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a secret vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course. Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even;
Friar, where's the Provoſt?

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty Iſabella, I am pale at mine heart to ſee thine eyes ſo red; thou muſt be patient; I am fain to dine and ſup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would ſet me to't. But they ſay the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Iſabel, I loved thy brother. If the old fantaſtical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit* Iſabella.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the beſt is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knoweſt not the Duke ſo well as I do; he's a better woodman than thou takeſt him for.

Duke. Well, you'll anſwer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry did I; but I was fain to forſwear it; they would elſe have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honeſt: reſt you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very

little of it. Nay, Friar, I am a kind of bur: I ſhall ſtick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter ANGELO *and* ESCALUS.

Eſcal. Every letter he hath writ hath diſvouched the other.

Ang. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner. His actions ſhew much like to madneſs: pray Heaven, his wiſdom be not tainted. And why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Eſcal. I gueſs not.

Ang. And why ſhould we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redreſs of injuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Eſcal. He ſhews his reaſon for that; to have a diſpatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which ſhall then have no power to ſtand againſt us.

Ang. Well, I beſeech you, let it be proclaimed betimes i' the morn; I'll call you at your houſe; give notice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuit as are to meet him.

Eſcal. I ſhall, Sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.

This deed unſhapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A defloured maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforced
The law againſt it! But that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaim againſt her maiden loſs,
How might ſhe tongue me? yet reaſon dares her: (25)
For my authority bears a credent bulk,

(25) ——*yet reaſon dares her.*] The old Folio impreſſions read,—yet reaſon dares her *no*:—perhaps,—dares her *note*; *i. e.* ſtifles her voice; frights her from ſpeaking. In this

That no particular ſcandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould have lived,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous ſenſe,
Might in the times to come have taken revenge,
By ſo receiving a diſhonoured life
With ranſom of ſuch ſhame. Would yet he had lived!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the fields without the Town.*

Enter DUKE *in his own habit, and Friar* PETER.

Duke. Theſe letters at fit time deliver me.
The Provoſt knows our purpoſe and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your inſtruction,
And hold you ever to our ſpecial drift,
Tho' ſometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cauſe doth miniſter. Go, call at Flavius' houſe,
And tell him where I ſtay; give the like notice
Unto Valentius, Rowland, and to Craſſus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
But ſend me Flavius firſt.

Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well. [*Exit* Friar.

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou haſt made good haſte:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

Iſab. To ſpeak ſo indirectly I am loth;

ſenſe our Author uſes the word *dare*, again, in his *Henry VIII.*

Farewel, nobility! let his Grace go forward,
And *dare* us with his cap, like larks.

I'll ſay the truth; but to accuſe him ſo,
That is your part; yet I'm adviſed to do it,
He ſays, t'availful purpoſe. (26)

Mari. Be ruled by him.

Iſab. Beſides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He ſpeak againſt me on the adverſe ſide,
I ſhould not think it ſtrange; for 'tis a phyſic
That's bitter to ſweet end.

Mari. I would Friar Peter——

Iſab. Oh, peace; the Friar is come.

Enter PETER.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a ſtand moſt fit,
Where you may have ſuch 'vantage on the Duke,
He ſhall not paſs you. Twice have the trumpets ſounded;
The generous and graveſt citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon (27)
The Duke is entering: therefore hence, away.

[*Exeunt.*

(26) *He ſays to vail full purpoſe.*] Thus the old copies. I don't know what idea our editors formed to themſelves of *vailing full* purpoſe; but I am perſuaded the Poet meant as I have reſtored; *viz.* to a purpoſe that will ſtand us in ſtead, that will profit us.

(27) *Have* hent *the gates,*—] An anonymous correſpondent adviſed me to read,

Have *hemm'd* the gates,——

But I apprehend there is no occaſion for any change. To *hend*, Skinner and ſome other Gloſſariſts tell us, ſignifies to ſeize, lay hold on with the hand; but we find by Spenſer, in his *Colin Clout*, that it likewiſe ſignifies to ſurround, encircle; (in which ſenſe it is uſed here.)

From thence another world of land we kend,
Floating amid the ſea in jeopardy;
And round about with mighty white rocks *hend*,
Againſt the ſea's encroaching cruelty.

We meet with the word again, in its firſt acceptation, in our Author's *Winter's Tale*;

ACT V.

SCENE, *a public Place near the City.*

Enter DUKE, VARRIUS, *Lords*, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, *and Citizens at ſeveral doors.*

DUKE.

MY very worthy couſin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to ſee you.

Ang. and *Eſcal.* Happy return be to your royal Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We've made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodneſs of your juſtice, that our ſoul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds ſtill greater.

Duke. Oh, your deſert ſpeaks loud; and I ſhould
To lock it in the wards of covert boſom, [wrong it,
When it deſerves with characters of braſs
A forted reſidence, 'gainſt the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the ſubjects ſee, to make them know
That outward courteſies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, Eſcalus;
You muſt walk by us on our other hand;
And good ſupporters are you.

[*As the* Duke *is going out,*

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily *hent* the ſtile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a.

Enter PETER *and* ISABELLA.

Peter. Now is your time: ſpeak loud, and kneel before him.

Iſab. Juſtice, O royal Duke; vail your regard
Upon a wronged, I'd fain have ſaid, a maid:
Oh, worthy Prince, diſhonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me juſtice, juſtice, juſtice, juſtice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what, by whom? be brief:
Here is Lord Angelo ſhall give you juſtice;
Reveal yourſelf to him.

Iſab. Oh, worthy Duke,
You bid me ſeek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourſelf; for that which I muſt ſpeak
Muſt either puniſh me, not being believed,
Or wring redreſs from you. Oh, hear me, hear me.

Ang. My Lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a ſuitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by courſe of juſtice.

Iſab. Courſe of juſtice! [ſtrange.

Ang. And ſhe will ſpeak moſt bitterly (28) and

Iſab. Moſt ſtrange, but yet moſt truly, will I ſpeak.
That Angelo's forſworn, is it not ſtrange?
That Angelo's a murderer, is't not ſtrange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater,

(28) *And ſhe will ſpeak moſt bitterly,*] Thus is the verſe left imperfect by Mr Rowe and Mr Pope; though the old copies all fill it up, as I have done. I have reſtored an infinite number of ſuch paſſages tacitly from the firſt impreſſion; but I thought proper to take notice, once for all here, that as Mr Pope follows Mr Rowe's edition in his errors and omiſſions, it gives great ſuſpicion, notwithſtanding the pretended collation of copies, that Mr Pope, for the generality, took Mr Rowe's edition as his guide.

Is it not ſtrange and ſtrange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times ſtrange.

Iſab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is ſtrange:
Nay, it is ten times truer; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her: poor ſoul,
She ſpeaks this in th' infirmity of ſenſe.

Iſab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believeſt
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touched with madneſs. Make not impoſſible
That, which but ſeems unlike; 'tis not impoſſible
But one, the wickedeſt caitiff on the ground,
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute
As Angelo; even ſo may Angelo,
In all his dreſſings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal Prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſs.

Duke. By mine honeſty,
If ſhe be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madneſs hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe;
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madneſs.

Iſab. Gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not baniſh reaſon
For inequality; but let your reaſon ſerve
To make the truth appear, where it ſeems hid;
Not hide the falſe, ſeems true.

Duke. Many, that are not mad,
Have, ſure, more lack of reaſon.
What would you ſay?

Iſab. I am the ſiſter of one Claudio,
Condemned upon the act of fornication

To lose his head; condemned by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother, one Lucio,
As then the messenger,——

Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak. [*To* Lucio.

Lucio. No, my good Lord, nor wished to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it:
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter;—proceed.

Isab. In brief, (to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I prayed and kneeled,
How he repelled me, and how I replied,
For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscent intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,

And I did yield to him; but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By Heaven, fond wretch, thou knowest not what thou speakest;
Or else thou art suborned against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish; next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemence he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weighed thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou camest here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you blessed ministers above!
Keep me in patience; and with ripened time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance. Heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wronged, hence unbelieved go.

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An officer;
To prison with her. Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? this needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:
Who knows that Lodowick? [Friar;

Lucio. My Lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling
I do not like the man; had he been lay, my Lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? this is a good Friar,
And to set on this wretched woman here [belike;

Againſt our ſubſtitute! Let this Friar be found.
Lucio. But yeſternight, my Lord, ſhe and that
I ſaw them at the priſon: a ſawcy Friar, [Friar,
A very ſcurvy fellow.
Peter. Bleſſed be your royal Grace!
I have ſtood by, my Lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abuſed. Firſt, hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accuſed your ſubſtitute,
Who is as free from touch or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no leſs.
Know you that Friar Lodowick which ſhe ſpeaks of?
Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my truſt, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, miſreport your Grace.
Lucio. My Lord, moſt villainouſly; believe it.
Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear him-
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my Lord, [ſelf;
Of a ſtrange fever. On his mere requeſt,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended againſt Lord Angelo) came I hither
To ſpeak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe; and what he with his oath
By all probation will make up full clear,
Whenever he's convened. Firſt, for this woman;
To juſtify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and perſonally accuſed,
Her ſhall you hear diſproved to her eyes,
'Till ſhe herſelf confeſs it.
Duke. Good Friar, let's hear it.
Do you not ſmile at this, Lord Angelo?
O Heavens! the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us ſome ſeats; come, couſin Angelo, (29)

(29) ——*come, couſin* Angelo,

In this I will be partial: be you judge
Of your own cauſe. Is this the witneſs, Friar?
[Iſabella *is carried off guarded.*

Enter MARIANA *veiled.*

Firſt, let her ſhew her face; and after, ſpeak.

Mari. Pardon, my Lord, I will not ſhew my face
Until my huſband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my Lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My Lord, ſhe may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had ſome cauſe to prattle for himſelf.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Mari. My Lord, I do confeſs I ne'er was mar-
And, I confeſs beſides, I am no maid; [ried;
I've known my huſband; yet my huſband knows not
That ever he knew me.

In this I'll be impartial: *be you judge*
Of your own cauſe. Surely this Duke had odd notions of impartiality; to profeſs it, and then commit the deciſion of a cauſe to the perſon accuſed of being the criminal. He talks much more rationally on this affair, when he ſpeaks in the character of the Friar:

——The Duke's *unjuſt*,
Thus to retort your manifeſt appeal;
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come t' accuſe.——

I think there needs no ſtronger authority to convince, that the Poet muſt have wrote as I have corrected;

In this I will be *partial.*

Lucio. He was drunk then, my Lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my Lord.
She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say your husband. [*To Mariana.*

Mari. Why, just, my Lord; and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body;
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse; let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou sworest was worth the looking on;
This is the hand which, with a vowed contract,
Was fast belocked in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I must confess I know this woman:
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,

Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was dis-valued
In levity: since which time of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good Lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in's garden-house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument.

Ang. I did but smile 'till now.
Now, good my Lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touched; I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on. Let me have way, my Lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with all my heart:
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish Friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone; think'st thou thy oaths,
Tho' they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's sealed in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.
There is another Friar that sets them on,
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint.
Your Provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, 'till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers. [*Exit.*

Escal. My Lord, we'll do it thoroughly. Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum; honest in nothing, but in his cloath; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here 'till he come, and inforce them against him; we shall find this Friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. Pray you, my Lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think if you handled her privately, she should sooner confess; perchance, publicly she'll be ashamed.

Enter DUKE *in the Friar's Habit, and* PROVOST; ISABELLA *is brought in.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress, here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My Lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, here with the Provost.

Escal. In very good time: speak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place; and let the devil Be sometime honoured for his burning throne. Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us, and we will hear you Look you speak justly. [speak:

Duke. Boldly, at least. But oh, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? Good night to your redress. Is the Duke gone? Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust, Thus to retort your manifest appeal, And put your trial in the villain's mouth, Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed Friar, Is't not enough thou hast suborned these women To accuse this worthy man, but with foul mouth, And in the witness of his proper ear, To call him villain; and then glance from him To the Duke himself, to tax him with injustice? Take him hence; to the rack with him: we'll touze Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose. [you What? unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke dare no more stretch

This finger of mine, than he dare rack his own:
His subject am I not,
Nor here provincial; my business in this state
Made me a looker on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults;
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Is this the man that you did tell us of? [Lucio?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my Lord. Come hither, Goodman bald-pate;
Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the sound of your voice. I met you at the prison in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you so, Sir? and was the Duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, Sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal; away with him to prison: where is the Provost? away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon

him; let him ſpeak no more; away with thoſe giglets too, and with the other confederate companions.

Duke. Stay, Sir, ſtay a while.

Ang. What! reſiſts he? help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh, Sir; why, you bald-pated lying raſcal, you muſt be hooded, muſt you? ſhow your knave's viſage, with a pox to you; ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour. Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the* Friar's *hood, and diſcovers the* Duke.

Duke. Thou art the firſt knave that e'er mad'ſt a Firſt. Provoſt, let me bail theſe gentle three. [*duke.* Sneak not away, Sir; for the Friar and you Muſt have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worſe than hanging.

Duke. What you have ſpoke, I pardon. Sit you down: [*To* Eſcalus.

We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave: Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office? if thou haſt, Rely upon it 'till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread Lord, I ſhould be guiltier than my guiltineſs, To think I can be undiſcernable, When I perceive your Grace, like power divine, Hath look'd upon my paſſes: then, good Prince, No longer ſeſſion hold upon my ſhame, But let my trial be mine own confeſſion: Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana. Say, waſt thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my Lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her inſtantly.

Do you the office, Friar; which conſummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, Provoſt.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

Eſcal. My Lord, I am more amazed at his diſhonour,
Than at the ſtrangeneſs of it.

Duke. Come hither, Iſabel;
Your Friar is now your Prince; as I was then
Advertiſing, and holy to your buſineſs,
Not changing heart with habit, I am ſtill
Attornied at your ſervice.

Iſab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vaſſal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown ſovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Iſabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, ſits at your heart:
And you may marvel why I obſcur'd myſelf,
Labouring to ſave his life, and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be ſo loſt: Oh, moſt kind maid,
It was the ſwift celerity of his death,
Which, I did think, with ſlower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpoſe: but, peace be with him!
That life is better life, paſt fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort;
So happy is your brother.

Enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and* PROVOST.

Iſab. I do, my Lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you muſt pardon
For Mariana's ſake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
Being criminal, in double violation
Of ſacred chaſtity, and of promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brother's life,

The very mercy of the law cries out
Moſt audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio; death for death.
Haſte ſtill pays haſte, and leiſure anſwers leiſure;
Like doth quit like, and Meaſure ſtill for Meaſure.
Then, Angelo, thy faults are manifeſted;
Which tho' thou would'ſt deny, denies thee 'vantage:
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio ſtoop'd to death, and with like haſte;
Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my moſt gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a huſband!

Duke. It is your huſband mock'd you with a huſband.
Conſenting to the ſafeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit: elſe imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his poſſeſſions,
Altho' by confiſcation they are ours,
We do enſtate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better huſband.

Mari. Oh, my dear Lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him: we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my Liege------

Duke. You do but loſe your labour:
Away with him to death. Now, Sir, to you.

Mari. Oh, my good Lord. Sweet Iſabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life, to do you ſervice.

Duke. Againſt all ſenſe you do importune her;
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Iſabel,
Sweet Iſabel, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your hands, ſay nothing; I'll ſpeak all.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
Oh, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemned,
As if my brother lived: I partly think
A due sincerity governed his deeds,
'Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died;
For Angelo, his act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent,
That perished by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my Lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good Lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble Lord.
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou had'st done so by Claudio:

Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him. (30)
Escal. I'm sorry one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appeared,
Should slip so grossly both in heat of blood,
And lack of tempered judgment afterward.
Ang. I'm sorry that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.

Enter PROVOST, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, *and* JULIETTA.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?
Prov. This, my Lord.
Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou'rt said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squarest thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemned:
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?
Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.
Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardoned; and for your lovely sake,

(30) *Go, fetch him hither*:—] The introducing Barnardine here, is seemingly a matter of no consequence, as he is no person concerned in the action of the play, nor directly aiding to the *denouement*, as the French call it, of the plot; but to our Poet's praise, let me observe, that it is not done without double art; it gives a handle for the discovery of Claudio being alive, and so heightens the surprise; and at the same time by the pardon of Barnardine, gives a fine opportunity of making the Duke's character more amiable, both for mercy and virtue.

Give me your hand, and ſay you will be mine,
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this, Lord Angelo perceives he's ſafe;
Methinks I ſee a quickning in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well;
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.
I find an apt remiſſion in myſelf,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon:
You, ſirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
[*To* Lucio.
One of all luxury, an aſs, a madman;
Wherein have I deſerved ſo of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my Lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick; if you will hang me for it, you may: but I had rather it would pleaſe you I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt firſt, Sir, and hanged after.
Proclaim it, Provoſt, round about the city,
If any woman, wronged by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he ſhall marry her; the nuptial finiſhed,
Let him be whipt and hanged.

Lucio. I beſeech your Highneſs, do not marry me to a whore: your Highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a Duke; good my Lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour thou ſhalt marry her:
Thy ſlanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to priſon,
And ſee our pleaſure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my Lord, is preſſing to death, whipping and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a Prince deſerves it.
She, Claudio, that you wronged, look you reſtore.

Joy to you, Mariana. Love her, Angelo: (31)
I have confeſſed her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Eſcalus, for thy much good-
neſs:
There's more behind, that is more gratulate.
Thanks, Provoſt, for thy care and ſecreſy;
We ſhall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itſelf. Dear Iſabel,
I have a motion much imports your good,

(31) *Joy to you*, Mariana. *Love her*, Angelo:] I cannot help taking notice, with how much judgment Shakeſpeare has given turns to this ſtory, from what he found it in Cinthio Giraldi's novel. In the firſt place, the brother, whom our Poet calls Claudio, is there actually executed; and the ungrateful governor ſends his head in a bravado to his ſiſter, after he had debauched her on promiſe of marriage; a circumſtance of too much horror and villainy for the ſtage. And, in the next place, this ſiſter afterwards is, to ſolder up her diſgrace, married to the governor, and begs his life of the Emperor, though he had ſo unjuſtly been the death of her brother. Both which abſurdities our Poet has avoided by the epiſode of Mariana, a creature purely of his own invention. The Duke's remaining *incognito* at home, to ſuperviſe the conduct of his deputy, is alſo entirely our Author's fiction.——This ſtory was attempted for the ſcene by one George Whetſtone (before our Author was fourteen years old) in two Comical Diſcourſes (as they are called) containing the right, excellent and famous hiſtory of Promos and Caſſandra, and printed in the old black letter, in 1578. Neither of theſe diſcourſes, I believe, were ever acted. The author left them with his friends to publiſh; for he that very year accompanied Sir Humphry Gilbert, Sir Walter Raleigh's brother, in his voyage to Norimbega in the Weſt-Indies. I could prove to demonſtration, that Shakeſpeare had peruſed theſe pieces; but whoever has ſeen, and knows what execrable mean ſtuff they are, I am ſure will acquit him from all ſuſpicion of plagiariſm.

Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
So bring us to our palace, where we'll shew
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*

ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING of France
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, *Count of* Rouſillon.
Lafeu, *an old Lord.*
Parolles, *a paraſitical follower of* Bertram; *a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.*
Several young French *Lords, that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*

Steward,
Clown, } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Rouſillon.

Counteſs of Rouſillon, *mother to* Bertram.
Helena, *daughter to* Gerard de Narbon, *a famous phyſician, ſome time ſince dead.*
An old widow of Florence.
Diana, *daughter to the widow.*
Violenta,
Mariana, } *neighbours, and friends to the widow.*

Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE lyes partly in France, and partly in Tuſcany.

ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Countess of* Roufillon's *houſe in* France.

Enter BERTRAM, *the Counteſs of* ROUSILLON, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *all in mourning.*

COUNTESS.

IN delivering my ſon from me, I bury a ſecond huſband.

Ber. And I, in going, Madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I muſt attend his Majeſty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in ſubjection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the King a huſband, Madam; you, Sir, a father. He, that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſity hold his virtue to you: (1) whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up were

(1) *whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up were it wanted, rather than* lack *it where is ſuch abundance.*] An oppoſition of terms is viſibly deſigned in this ſentence, though the oppoſition is not viſible as the terms now ſtand. *Wanted* and *abundance* are the oppoſites to one another; but how is *lack* a contraſt to *ſtir up*? The addition of a ſingle letter gives it, and the very ſenſe requires it. Mr *Warburton.*

it wanted, rather than ſlack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majeſty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his phyſicians, Madam, under whoſe practices he hath perſecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the loſing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how ſad a paſſage 'tis!) whoſe ſkill was almoſt as great as his honeſty; had it ſtretched ſo far, it would have made nature immortal, and death ſhould have play for lack of work. Would, for the King's ſake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the King's diſeaſe.

Laf. How called you the man you ſpoke of, Madam?

Count. He was famous, Sir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: Gerard de Narbon?

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, Madam; the King very lately ſpoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: he was ſkilful enough to have lived ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet up againſt mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good Lord, the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A fiſtula, my Lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His ſole child, my Lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes her; diſpoſition ſhe inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their ſimple

neſs: ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.

Laf. Your commendations, Madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, no more; leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than to have——

Hel. I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. (2) If the living be not enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I deſire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Count. Be thou bleſt, Bertram, and ſucceed thy
In manners as in ſhape: thy blood and virtue [father
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be checked for ſilence,
But never taxed for ſpeech. What Heaven more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewel, my Lord;
'Tis an unſeaſoned courtier; good, my Lord,
Adviſe him.

(2). *If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.*] This ſeems very obſcure, but the addition of a negative perfectly diſpels all the miſt *If the living be* not *enemy*, &c. Exceſſive grief is an enemy to the living, ſays Lafeu! Yes, replies the Counteſs; and if the living be not enemy to the grief, [i. e. ſtrive to conquer it,] the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal. Mr *Warburton.*

Laf. He cannot want the beſt
That ſhall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bleſs him! Farewel, Bertram.
[*Exit* Counteſs.

Ber. [*To* Hel.] The beſt wiſhes that can be forged in your thoughts be ſervants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your miſtreſs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty lady, you muſt hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt* Ber. *and* Laf.

Hel. Oh, were that all!——I think not on my father;
And theſe great tears grace his remembrance more
Than thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in it, but my Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one
That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it; he is ſo above me;
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf;
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour——
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;

Yet theſe fixed evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when Virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind; full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And, no.——

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay: you have ſome ſtain of ſoldier in you; let me aſk you a queſtion. Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barricado it againſt him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he aſſails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none: man, ſetting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſs our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up.---Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your city. (3) It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preſerve virginity. Loſs of virginity is rational increaſe; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was firſt loſt. That you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found:

(3) *It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preſerve virginity. Loſs of virginity is* rational *increaſe; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was firſt loſt.* The context ſeems to me rather to require—*national* increaſe; though I have not ventured to diſturb the text, as the other reading will admit of a meaning.

by being ever kept, it is ever lost; 'tis too cold a companion; away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your mother, which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He that hangs himſelf, is a virgin: virginity murders itſelf, and ſhould be buried in highways, out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate offendreſs againſt nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheeſe; conſumes itſelf to the very paring, and ſo dies with feeding its own ſtomach. Beſides, virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love, which is the moſt prohibited ſin in the Canon. Keep it not, you cannot chuſe but loſe by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make itſelf two, which is a goodly increaſe, and the principal itſelf not much the worſe. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to loſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will loſe the gloſs with lying. The longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion; richly ſuited, but unſuitable; juſt like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which we wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet;
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he——
I know not what he shall--God send him well!——
The court's a learning place--and he is one——

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well---'tis pity------

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles,
My Lord calls for you. [*Exit* Page.

Par. Little Helen, farewel; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have kept you so under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes ſafety: but the compoſition that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, as I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of courtiers counſel, and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewel. When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends; get thee a good huſband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: ſo farewel. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourſelves do ly,
Which we aſcribe to Heaven. The fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love ſo high,
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiſs like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe, and do ſuppoſe
What hath been, cannot be. Who ever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
The King's diſeaſe—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixed, and will not leave me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Court of* France.

Flouriſh Cornets. Enter the King of France, *with letters, and divers attendants.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th'ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, Sir.

King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it
A certainty vouched from our couſin Auſtria;
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,
Approved ſo to your Majeſty, may plead
For ample credence.

King. He hath armed our anſwer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to ſee
The Tuſcan ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well ſerve
A nurſery to our gentry, who are ſick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEW, *and* PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the Count Rouſillon, my good Lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou beareſt thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compoſed thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayeſt thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majeſty's.

King. I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs
As when thy father and myſelf in friendſhip [now,
Firſt tried our ſoldierſhip: he did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the braveſt. He laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young Lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterneſs (4)
Were in him; pride or ſharpneſs if there were,
His equal had awaked them; and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exceptions bid him ſpeak; and at that time
His tongue obeyed his hand. Who were below him
He uſed as creatures of another place,
And bowed his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which, followed well, would now demonſtrate them
But goers backward.

(4) *So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterneſs*
Were in him, pride or ſharpneſs, if there were,
His equal had awaked them —]
This paſſage ſeems ſo very incorrectly pointed, that the Author's meaning is loſt in the careleſſneſs. As the text and ſtops are reformed; theſe are moſt beautiful lines, and the ſenſe this.—" He had no *contempt* or *bitterneſs*; if he had any " thing that looked like *pride* or *ſharpneſs*, (of which qualities " contempt and bitterneſs are the exceſſes,) his equal had " awaked them, not his inferior, to whom he ſcorned to diſ" cover any thing that bore the ſhadow of pride or ſharp" neſs." Mr *Warburton.*

Ber. His good remembrance, Sir,
Lyes richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! he would always say,
(Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
He scattered not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there and to bear;) Let me not live,—
(Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,) let me not live, (quoth he,)
After my flame lacks oil; to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:—this he wished.
I, after him, do after him wish too,
(Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,)
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You're loved, Sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't,
Since the physician at your father's died? [Count,
He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my Lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications; nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, Count,
My sickness no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majesty. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Countess's at* Roussillon.

Enter Countess, Steward and Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; (5) for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not, for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir,

Clo. No, Madam; 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned; but, if I have your Ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

(5) *For then we wound our* modesty, *and make foul the* clearness *of our deservings. when of ourselves we* publish *them.*] This sentiment our Author has again inculcated in his *Troilus and Cressida.*

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If he, that's praised, himself bring the praise forth.

I won't pretend that Shakespeare is here treading in the steps of Æschylus; but that poet has something in his Agamemnon, which might very well be a foundation to what our Author has advanced in both these passages.

——————ἀλλ' ἐναίσιμος
Αἰνεῖν παρ' ἄλλου χρὴ τόδ' ἔρχεσθαι γέρας.
But to be praised with honour, is a tribute
That must be paid us from another's tongue.

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own; service is no heritage, and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God 'till I have issue o' my body; for they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me the reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, Madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, Madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. Y'are shallow, Madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of; he that cares my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherisheth my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the Puritan, and old Poysam the Papist, howsoe'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' th' herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet, I, Madam; and I speak the truth the next way; ——

"For I the ballad will repeat, which men full
"true shall find;
"Your marriage comes by destiny, your cuckow
"sings by kind."

Count. Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, Madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her, Helen I mean.

Clo. "Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, (6)
[*Singing.*
"Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

(6) *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,*
Why the Grecians *sacked* Troy?
Was this King Priam's *joy?*] As the stanza that follows is in alternate rhyme, and as a rhyme is here wanting to *she* in the first verse, 'tis evident the third line is wanting. The old *Folios* give us a part of it, but how to supply the loss part, was the question. Mr Rowe has given us the fragment how neatly as he found it; but Mr Pope, rather than to seem foundered, has sunk it upon us.—I communicated to my ingenious friend Mr Warburton how I found the passage in the old books,

[*Fond done, done, fond,*
Was this King Priam's *joy?*]

and from him I received that supplement which I have given to the text, and the following justification of it. "I will first "proceed to justify my sense and emendation, and then ac- "count for the corruption. In the first place, 'tis plain the "last line should not have been read with an interrogation: "for was Helen King Priam's joy? No, surely, she was not. "Who then? why, the historians tell us it was Paris, who "was his favourite son. And how natural was it, when "this *she* (whoever she was,) had said, was this the face "that ruined Troy? to fall into a moral reflection, and say,

"Fond done, fond done;—for Paris he
"Was this King Priam's joy.
"With that she sighed as she stood, (7)
"And gave this sentence then;

"what a fond deed was this! Priam's misery proceeded "from him that was his only joy. This is exactly agree- "able to the simplicity of these ancient songs; as the phrase, "*For* Paris *he*—is to their mode of locution. So far we have "the genius of the ballad, history, and the context, to make "it probable. An observation upon the ensuing stanza may "make it clear to demonstration."

I will only subjoin, in confirmation of my friend's ingenious conjecture, that, in *The Maid in the Mill* by Beaumont and Fletcher, I find a scrap of another old ballad upon the same subject, most nearly corresponding with ours.

And here fair Paris comes,
The hopeful youth of Troy;
Queen Hecuba's darling son,
King Priam's only joy.
(7) *With that she sighed as she stood,*
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine *bad if* one *be good,*
There's yet one *good in* ten.]

This second stanza is a joke turned upon the women; a confession that there was *one* good in *ten*. Upon which the Countess says, "What! one good in ten! you corrupt the song, "sirrah."—This shews, that the sense of the song was, *one* bad only in ten, or, *nine* good in ten: and this clears up the mystery. The second stanza was certainly thus in the old ballad:

With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
If *one* be bad amongst *nine* good,
There's *but one* bad in *ten*.

A visible continuation of the thought, as amended in the latter part of the first stanza; and relates to the *ten* sons of Priam, who all behaved themselves well except this Paris. But why Priam's *ten* sons, may it not be asked, when universal tradition has given him *fifty*? To this I reply, that, at the time of this unfortunate part of his reign, he had but ten. To these this songster alludes. They were, Agathon, Antiphon, Dëiphobus, Dius, Hector, Helenus, Hippothous,

" Among nine bad if one be good,
" There's yet one good in ten."

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the ſong, ſirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is a purifying o' th' ſong: would, God would ſerve the world ſo all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parſon: one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing ſtar, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clo. That man that ſhould be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done! though honeſty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the ſurplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart: I am going, forſooth, the buſineſs is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. Faith, I do; her father bequeathed her to me; and ſhe herſelf, without other advantages, may lawfully make title to as much love as ſhe finds; there is more owing her than is paid, and more ſhall be paid her than ſhe'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, ſhe wiſh'd me; alone ſhe was, and did communicate to herſelf her own words to her

Fammon, Paris and Polites It ſeems particularly humorous in the Clown, and ſuiting with the licence of his character as a *jeſter*, all at once to deprave the text of the ballad, and turn it to a ſarcaſm upon the women. MR. *Warburton.*

own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son; Fortune, she said, was no goddess, (8) that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprized without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that ever I heard a virgin exclaim in; which I held it my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly, keep it to yourself; many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt.

(8) — *Fortune, she said, was no goddess, &c. Love, no god, &c.* complained against the *Queen of virgins*, &c. This passage stands thus in the old copies:

Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level, Queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor Knight, &c.

'Tis evident to every sensible reader that something must have slipped out here, by which the meaning of the context is rendered defective. There are no traces for the words, [*complained against the*] which I take to have been first conjecturally supplied by Mr Rowe But the form of the sentence is entirely altered by their insertion, and they, at best make but a patch. The steward is speaking in the very words he overheard of the young lady; fortune was no goddess, she said, for one reason; love no god, for another;—what could she then more naturally subjoin, than as I have amended in the text?

Diana *no Queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor Knight to be surprized without rescue, &c.*

For in the poetical history, Diana was as well known to preside over *chastity*, as Cupid over *love*, or Fortune over the *change or regulation of our circumstances.*

Pray you, leave me; ſtall this in your boſom, and I thank you for your honeſt care: I will ſpeak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even ſo it was with me, when I was young;
If we are Nature's, theſe are ours; this thorn
Doth to our roſe of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born;
It is the ſhow and ſeal of Nature's truth,
Where love's ſtrong paſſion is impreſs'd in youth;
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them
Her eye is ſick on't; I obſerve her now.— [none
Hel. What is your pleaſure, Madam?
Count. Helen, you know I am a mother to you.
Hel. Mine honourable miſtreſs.
Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? when I ſaid a mother,
Methought you ſaw a ſerpent; what's in mother
That you ſtart at it? I ſay, I'm your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of thoſe
That were enwombed mine: 'tis often ſeen
Adoption ſtrives with nature; and choice breeds
A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds.
You ne'er oppreſſed me with a mother's groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mother's care.
God's mercy! maiden, does it curd thy blood,
To ſay, I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this diſtempered meſſenger of wet,
The many-coloured Iris, rounds thine eyes?
Why,——that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I ſay, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, Madam.
The Count Rouſillon cannot be my brother;

I am from humble, he from honoured name:
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My master, my dear Lord he is, and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.——

Count. Nor I your mother? [were

Hel. You are my mother, Madam; would you
(So that my Lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed my mother!——or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for Heaven,
So I were not his sister: can't no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God shield you mean it not, daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse! what, pale again?
My fear hath catched your fondness.---Now I see (9)
The mystery of your loneliness, and find

(9) ——*Now I see*
The mystery of your loveliness, and find
Your salt tears' head:—]

The mystery of her *loveliness* is beyond my comprehension. The old Countess is saying nothing ironical, nothing taunting, or in reproach, that this word should find a place here, which it could not, unless sarcastically employed, and with some spleen. I dare warrant the Poet meant his old lady should say no more than this: "I now find the mystery of your "creeping into corners, and weeping, and pining in secret." For this reason I have amended the text, *loneliness*. The Steward, in the foregoing scene, where he gives the Countess intelligence of Helen's behaviour, says,

Alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears,

The Author has used the word *loneliness*, to signify a person's being alone, again in his *Hamlet*:

We will bestow ourselves; read on this book;
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your *loneliness*.

Your ſalt tears' head; now to all ſenſe it is groſs
You love my ſon; invention is aſhamed
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion
To ſay thou doſt not; therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis ſo. For look, thy cheeks
Confeſs it one to the other, and thine eyes
See it ſo groſsly ſhown in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they ſpeak it: only ſin
And helliſh obſtinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected: ſpeak, is't ſo?
If it be ſo, you've wound a goodly clew:
If it be not, forſwear it. Howe'er, I charge thee,
As Heaven ſhall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my ſon?

Hel. Your pardon, noble Miſtreſs.

Count. Love you my ſon?

Hel. Do you not love him, Madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, diſcloſe
The ſtate of your affection; for your paſſions
Have to the full appeached.

Hel. Then I confeſs,
Here on my knee, before high Heavens and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,
I love your ſon.
My friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is loved of me; I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuit;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deſerve him,
Yet never know how that deſert ſhall be.
I know I love in vain; ſtrive againſt hope;
Yet in this captious and intenible ſieve,
I ſtill pour in the waters of my love,

And lack not to loſe ſtill; thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My deareſt Madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but if yourſelf,
Whoſe aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in ſo true a flame of liking
Wiſh chaſtely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herſelf and love; O then give pity
To her, whoſe ſtate is ſuch that cannot chuſe
But lend and give where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find that which ſearch implies,
But, riddle-like, lives ſweetly where ſhe dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth, by grace itſelf I ſwear.
You know my father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and proved effects, ſuch as his reading
And manifeſt experience had collected
For general ſovereignty; and that he willed me
In heedfulleſt reſervation to beſtow them,
As notes whoſe faculties incluſive were,
More than they were in note: among the reſt,
There is a remedy, approved, ſet down,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings whereof
The King is rendered loſt. [ſpeak.

Count. This was your motive for Paris, was it?

Hel. My Lord your ſon made me to think of this;
Elſe Paris, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the converſation of my thoughts
Haply been abſent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you would tender your ſuppoſed aid,

He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him;
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowelled of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something in't
More than my father's skill, (which was the greatest
Of his profession,) that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified [honour
By the luckiest stars in Heaven; and, would your
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure,
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe it?

Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly. [love,

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and
Means and attendants; and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.
Begone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Court of* France.

Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine *war.* BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES. *Flourish Cornets.*

KING.

FAREWEL, young Lords: these warlike principles
Do not throw from you: you, my Lords, farewel;
Share the advice betwixt you. If both gain,

The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. 'Tis our hope, Sir,
After well-entered ſoldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs it owns the malady
That doth my life beſiege. Farewel, young Lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy Frenchmen. (10) Let higher Italy
(Thoſe bated that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt monarchy) ſee that you come

(10) ——*let higher* Italy
(Thoſe bated that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt monarchy,) ſee, &c.] This ſeems to me one of the very obſcure paſſages of Shakeſpeare, and which therefore may very well demand explanation. Italy, at the time of this ſcene, was under three very different tenures. The Emperor, as ſucceſſor of the Roman Emperors, had one part; the Pope, by a pretended donation from Conſtantine, another; and the third was compoſed of free ſtates. Now by the *laſt monarchy* is meant the Roman, the laſt of the four general monarchies. Upon the fall of this monarchy, in the ſcramble, ſeveral cities ſet up for themſelves, and became free ſtates: now theſe might be ſaid properly to inherit the fall of the monarchy. But the Emperor could not be ſaid to inherit the fall of the monarchy, any more than a ſon, who inherits an impaired eſtate, could be ſaid to inherit the fall of his father's eſtate; though thoſe, who had defrauded the father, might be ſaid to inherit the fall of his eſtate. Much leſs could the Pope, by a donation in the times of its duration, be ſaid to do ſo. This being premiſed, now to the ſenſe. The King ſays,——higher Italy;——giving it the rank of preference to France; but he corrects himſelf, and ſays, I except thoſe from that precedency, who only inherit the fall of the laſt monarchy; as all the little petty ſtates, for inſtance, Florence, to whom theſe volunteers were going. As if he had ſaid, I gave the place of honour to the Emperor and the Pope, but not to the free ſtates. All here is clear; and 'tis exactly Shakeſpeare's manner, who loved to ſhew his reading on ſuch occaſions. Mr *Warburton.*

Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The braveſt queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,
That fame may cry you loud. I ſay, farewel.

2 *Lord.* Health at your bidding ſerve your Majeſty!

King. Thoſe girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They ſay our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives
Before you ſerve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel. Come hither to me. [*To Attendants.*

[*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* Oh, my ſweet Lord, that you will ſtay behind us!-------

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the ſpark-------

2 *Lord.* Oh, 'tis brave wars.

Par. Moſt admirable; I have ſeen theſe wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with, *Too young*, and, *The next year*, and, *'Tis too early.*--

Par. An thy mind ſtand to it, boy, ſteal away bravely.

Ber. Shall I ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock, Creeking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
'Till honour be bought up, and no ſword worn
But one to dance with? By heaven I'll ſteal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

2 *Lord.* I am your acceſſary, and ſo farewel.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1 *Lord.* Farewel, Captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monſieur Parolles!----

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin; good ſparks and luſtrous. A word, good metals. (11) You ſhall find in the regiment of the Spinii,

(11) *You ſha'l find in the regiment of the* Spinii, *one Captain* Spurio, *his cicatrice, with an emblem of war here on his ſiniſter cheek;*] It is ſurpriſing none of the editors could ſee that a

one Captain Spurio with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrench'd it; ſay to him, I live, and obſerved his reports of me.

1 *Lord.* We ſhall, noble Captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices! what will ye do?

Ber. Stay; the King—— [*Exeunt Lords.*

Par. Uſe a moſt ſpacious ceremony to the noble Lords; you have reſtrain'd yourſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu; be more expreſſive to them, for they wear themſelves in the cap of the time; there, do muſter true gait, eat, ſpeak, and move under the influence of the moſt received ſtar; and tho' the devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewel.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſword-men.

Enter the King, and LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll ſee thee to ſtand up.

ſight tranſpoſition was abſolutely neceſſary here, when there is not common ſenſe in the paſſage as it ſtands, without ſuch tranſpoſition. Parolles only means, "You ſhall find "one Captain Spurio in the camp, with a ſcar on his left "cheek, a mark of war that my ſword gave him." Our Poet has employed this word to ſignify ſcar, in other of his plays; ſo afterwards in *As you like it;*

——lean but upon a ruſh,
The *cicatrice* and capable impreſſure
Thy palm ſome moment keeps:——

And in *Hamlet,*

Since yet thy *cicatrice* looks raw and red
After the Daniſh ſword.

Laf. Then here's a man ſtands, that hath bought
his pardon.
I would you had kneel'd, my Lord, to aſk me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could ſo ſtand up.

King. I would I had; ſo I had broke thy pate,
And aſk'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, acroſs:--but, my good Lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an if
My royal fox could reach them; (12) I have ſeen a medicine
That's able to breathe life into a ſtone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With ſprightly fire and motion; whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerful to araiſe King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this? [arriv'd,

Laf. Why, Doctor-ſhe: my Lord, there's one
If you will ſee her: now, by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that in her ſex, her years, profeſſion,
Wiſdom and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakneſs: will you ſee her,
For that is her demand, and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee

(12) *I have ſeen a* Medecine,] Lafeu does not mean that he has ſeen a remedy, but a perſon bringing ſuch remedy. I therefore imagine our Author uſed the French word *medecin*, *i. e.* a phyſician. This agrees with what he ſubjoins immediately in reply to the King.

Why, *Doctor-ſhe*;——and——write to *her* a love-line.

May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'ſt it.
Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* Laſeu.
King. Thus he his ſpecial nothing ever prologues.
Laf. [*Returns.*] Nay, come your ways.
[*Bringing in* Helena.
King. This haſte hath wings, indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways.
This is his Majeſty, ſay your mind to him;
A traitor you do look like; but ſuch traitors
His Majeſty ſeldom fears; I'm Creſſid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*
King. Now, fair one, does your buſineſs follow us?
Hel. Ay, my good Lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profeſs, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſe towards
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death [him;
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,
Which as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bade me ſtore up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two: more dear I have ſo;
And hearing your high Majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant cauſe, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.
King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,
When our moſt learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ranſom nature
From her unaidable eſtate: we muſt not

So ſtain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malady
To empericks; or to diſſever ſo
Our great ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
A ſenſeleſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.

Hel. My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts
A modeſt one to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee leſs, to be called grateful;
Thou thoughteſt to help me, and ſuch thanks I give,
As one near death to thoſe that wiſh him live;
But what at full I know, thou knoweſt no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy:
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment ſhown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From ſimple ſources; and great ſeas have dried,
When miracles have by the greateſt been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt fits.

King. I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not uſed, muſt by thyſelf be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inſpired merit ſo by breath is barred:
It is not ſo with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give conſent,
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.

I am not an impoſtor, that proclaim
Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim,
But know I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.

King. Art thou ſo confident? within what ſpace
Hopeſt thou my cure?

Hel. The greateſt Grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moiſt Heſperus hath quenched his ſleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes how they paſs;
What is infirm from your ſound parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſs freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dareſt thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A ſtrumpet's boldneſs, a divulged ſhame
Traduced by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Seared otherwiſe; no worſe of worſt extended;
With vileſt torture let my life be ended. [ſpeak

King. Methinks in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth
His powerful ſound, within an organ weak;
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate:
(13) Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, virtue, all
That happineſs and prime can happy call;

(13) *Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, all,* &c.] This verſe is too ſhort by a foot, and apparently ſome diſſyllable is dropped out by miſchance. Mr Warburton concurred with me in conjecture to ſupply the verſe thus,

Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, *virtue,* all, &c.

Helena had laid a particular ſtreſs on her maiden reputation; and the King, afterwards, when he comes to ſpeak of her to Bertram, ſays,

Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate.
Sweet practiſer, thy phyſic I will try,
That miniſters thine own death if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deſerved! Not helping death's my fee,
But if I help, what do you promiſe me?
King. (14) Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my ſceptre, and my hopes of heaven.
Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What huſband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chuſe from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to aſk, thee to beſtow.
King. Here is my hand, the premiſes obſerved,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerved:
So, make the choice of thine own time; for I,
Thy reſolved patient, on thee ſtill rely.

——If ſhe be
All that is *virtuous*, (ſave what thou diſlikeſt,
A poor phyſician's daughter;) thou diſlikeſt
Of *virtue* for her name:——

(14) King. *Make thy demand.*
Hel. *But will you make it even?*
King. *Ay, by my ſceptre and my hopes of* help.]

The King could have but a very ſlight hope of *help* from her, ſcarce enough to ſwear by; and therefore Helen might ſuſpect he meant to equivocate with her. Beſides, obſerve, the greateſt part of the ſcene is ſtrictly in rhyme; and there is no ſhadow of reaſon why it ſhould be interrupted here. I rather imagine the Poet wrote,

Ay, by my ſceptre, and my hopes of *heaven*. Dr *Thirlby*.

More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt;
(Tho' more to know could not be more to truſt:)
From whence thou cameſt, how tended on,--but reſt
Unqueſtioned welcome, and undoubted bleſt.
Give me ſome help here, hoa! if thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Roufillon.

Enter COUNTESS *and* CLOWN.

Count. Come on, Sir; I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will ſhew myſelf highly fed and lowly taught; I know my buſineſs is but to the court.

Count. But to the court? why, what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may eaſily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed, ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the court; but for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful anſwer that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawny-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's ruſh for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tueſday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a ſcolding queen to a wrangling knave, as the

Nun's lip to the Friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier;—it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in a question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, Sir—There's a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, Sir—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, Sir—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, Sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, Sir—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry O Lord, Sir, at your whipping, and spare not me? indeed, your O Lord, Sir, is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—O Lord, Sir. I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, Sir—Why, there't ſerves well again.

Count. An end, Sir, to your buſineſs: give Helen this, And urge her to a preſent anſwer back. Commend me to my kinſmen and my ſon: This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them?

Count. Not much employment for you; you underſtand me.

Clo. Moſt fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haſte you again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Court of* France.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

Laf. (15) They ſay miracles are paſt; and we have our philoſophical perſons to make modern and familiar things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, enſconſing ourſelves into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit ourſelves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder that hath ſhot out in our later time.

Ber. And ſo 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquiſhed of the artiſts——

Par. So I ſay, both of Galen and Paracelſus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows—

Par. Right; ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable.—

Par. Why, there 'tis, ſo ſay I too.

(15) *They ſay miracles are paſt, and we have our philoſophical perſons to make modern and familiar things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs.* This, as it has hitherto been pointed, is directly oppoſite to our Poet's, and his ſpeaker's meaning. As I have ſtopped it, the ſenſe quadrates with the context; and ſurely it is one unalterable property of philoſophy, to make ſeeming ſtrange and preternatural phænomena familiar, and reducible to cauſe and reaſon.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assured of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death,—

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed, if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in, what do you call there—

Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it, I would have said the very same.

Laf. (16) Why, your dolphin is not lustier: for me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinerious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of Heaven.

(16) *Why, your* dolphin *is not lustier!*] I have thought it very probable that, as 'tis a Frenchman speaks, and as 'tis the French King he is speaking of, the Poet might have wrote.

Why, your *Dauphin* is not lustier:

i. e. the King is as hale and hearty as the prince his son. And that the King, in this play, is supposed to have a son, is plain from what he says to Bertram in the first act.

——Welcome, Count,
My *s*'s no dearer.

Besides, Dauphin, in the old impressions, is constantly spelt as the fish dolphin. But then, considering on the other hand,——As sound as a roach.——As whole as a fish,—— are proverbial expressions; and considering too that our Author elsewhere makes the dolphin an instance or emblem of lustyhood and activity;

——his delights
Were *dolphin*-like, they shewed his back above
The element they lived in. *Ant. and Cleop.*

I have not thought proper to disturb the text. Nor would, indeed, the sense of the passage be affected by any alteration.

Par. Ay, ſo I ſay.

Laf. In a moſt weak—

Par. And debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence; which ſhould indeed give us a further uſe to be made, than alone the recovery of the King, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter KING, HELENA, *and Attendants.*

Par. I would have ſaid it, you ſaid well; here comes the King.

Laf. Luſtick, as the Dutchman ſays: I'll like a maid the better while I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a corranto.

Par. Mort du vinaigre, is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God I think ſo.

King, Go, call before me all the Lords in court.
Sit, my preſerver, by thy patient's ſide;
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repealed, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promiſed gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, ſend forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors ſtand at my beſtowing,
O'er whom both ſovereign power and father's voice
I have to uſe; thy frank election make;
Thou haſt power to chuſe, and they none to forſake.

Hel. To each of you, one fair and virtuous miſtreſs
Fall, when love pleaſe! marry, to each but one.—

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than theſe boys,
And writ as little beard.

King Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe but had a noble father.

[*She addreſſes herſelf to a Lord.*

Hel. Gentlemen, Heaven hath through me re-
The King to health. stored

All. We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a maid.—
Please it your Majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
"We blush that thou should'st choose, but be refused:
"Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,
"We'll ne'er come there again."

King. Make choice, and see:
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream: Sir, will you hear my suit

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, (17) Sir;—all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

(17) *Thanks, Sir; all the rest are mute.*] All the rest are mute? she had spoken to but one yet. This is a nonsensical alteration of Mr Pope's from the old copies, in which, I doubt not, but he thought himself very wise and sagacious. The genuine reading is, as I have restored in the text;

——All the rest is mute:

(*i. e* as in *Hamlet* ——the rest *is* silence) and the meaning this. Helena finding a favourable answer from the first gallant she addressed to, but not designing to fix her choice there, civilly says, I thank you, Sir; that is all I have to advance. I am obliged to you for your compliance; but my eye and heart have another aim.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? if they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped, or I would send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her; sure they are bastards to the English, the French ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* (18) Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father drunk wine.—But if thou be'it not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say I take you: but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guided power: this is the man.

[*To* Bertram.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your Highness,

(18) 4 Lord. *Fair one, I think not so.*

Laf. *There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father drunk wine; but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.*] Surely this is most incongruent stuff. Lafeu is angry with the other noblemen for giving Helena the repulse; and is he angry too, and thinks the fourth nobleman an ass because he's for embracing the match? The whole, certainly, can't be the speech of one mouth. As I have divided the speech, I think clearness and humour are restored. And if Parolles were not a little pert and impertinent here to Lafeu, why should he say, he had found him out already? or why should he quarrel with him in the very next scene?

In ſuch a buſineſs give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.
King. Knoweſt thou not, Bertram,
What ſhe hath done for me?
Ber. Yes, my good Lord;
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.
King. Thou knoweſt ſhe has raiſed me from my ſickly bed.
Ber. But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor phyſician's daughter my wife!—Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever! [which
King. 'Tis only title thou diſdain'ſt in her, the
I can build up: ſtrange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, poured all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off.
In differences ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, (ſave what thou diſlikeſt,
A poor phyſician's daughter,) thou diſlikeſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo.
(19) From loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
Where great addition ſwells, and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour; good alone,
Is good without a name. Vileneſs is ſo:
The property by what it is ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is young, wife, fair,
In theſe, to nature ſhe's immediate heir;

(19) *From loweſt place*, whence *virtuous things proceed*,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.] 'Tis ſtrange that none of the editors could perceive, that both the ſentiment and grammar are defective here. The eaſy correction which I have given, was preſcribed to me by the ingenious Dr Thirlby.

And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire. (20) Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave
Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy; (21) and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damned oblivion is the tomb
Of honoured bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest; virtue and she
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to chuse.

Hel. That you are well restored, my Lord, I'm glad:
Let the rest go.-------

King. (22) My honour's at the stake; which to defend,

(20) ——————Honours *best thrive,*
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers.] How nearly does this sentiment of our Author's resemble the following passage of *Juvenal!*

Ergò ut miremur te, non tua, primum aliquid da
Quod possim titulis incidere, præter honores
Quos illis damus, & dedimus, quibus omnia debes.
Sat. viii. ver. 68.

(21) ——————*and as oft is dumb*
Where dust and damned oblivion is the tomb,
Of honoured bones, indeed, what should be said?] This is such pretty stuff, indeed, as is only worthy of its accurate editors! the transposition of an innocent stop or two, is a task above their diligence, especially if common sense is to be the result of it. The regulation I have given must strike every reader so at first glance, that it needs not a word in confirmation.

(22) *My honour's at the stake; which to* defeat
I must produce my power.] The poor King of France is again made a man of Gotham by our unmerciful editors: what they make him say, is mere mock-reasoning. The pas-

I muſt produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift!
That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love and her deſert; that canſt not dream,
We poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We pleaſe to have it grow. Check thy contempt;
Obey our will, which travels in thy good;
Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims:
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the ſtaggers, and the careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance: my revenge and hate
Looſing upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes. When I conſider
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid, I find that ſhe, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe, is now
The praiſed of the King; who, ſo ennobled,
Is as 'twere born ſo.

King Take her by the hand,
And tell her ſhe is thine; to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize, if not in thy eſtate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the King

ſage muſt either be reſtored, as I have conjecturally corrected, or elſe the King muſt be ſuppoſed to break off abruptly from what he was going to ſay, and determine that he will interpoſe his authority. As thus;

My honour's at the ſtake; which to defeat,——
——I muſt produce my power.

Smile upon this contract; whoſe ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the new-born brief,
And be performed to-night; the ſolemn feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou loveſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe does err. [*Exeunt.*

Manent PAROLLES *and* LAFEU.

Laf. Do you hear, Monſieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure, Sir?

Laf. Your lord and maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation!—my lord! my maſter!

Laf. Ay, is it not a language I ſpeak?

Par. A moſt harſh one, and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My maſter!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rouſillon?

Par. To any Count; to all Counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is Count's man; Count's maſter is of another ſtile.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it ſatisfy you, you are too old.——

Laf. I muſt tell thee, ſirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel, it might paſs; yet the ſcarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee——

Laf. (23) Do not plunge thyſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy trial; which if,—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! ſo, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy caſement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deſerved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer——

Laf. Even as ſoon as thou canſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack o' the contrary. If ever thou beeſt bound in thy ſcarf and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may ſay in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

(23) *Do not plunge thyſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy trial; which is, Lord have mercy on thee for a hen;*] Mr Rowe and Mr Pope, either by inadvertence or ſome other fatality, have blundered this paſſage into ſtark nonſenſe. I have reſtored the reading of the old *Folio*, and by ſubjoining the mark to ſhew a *break* is neceſſary, have retrieved the Poet's genuine ſenſe:

——*which if*—*Lord have mercy on thee for a hen!*

The ſequel of the ſentence is implied, not expreſſed. This figure the rhetoricians have called Ἀποσιώπησις. A remarkable inſtance we have of it in the firſt book of *Virgil's Æneis*.

Quos ego—*ſed motos præſtat componere fluctus.*

So likewiſe in *Terence*;

Mala mens, malus animus; quem quidem ego ſi ſenſero,—
Sed quid opus eſt verbis? Andr. Act i. Sc. i.

But I ſhall have occaſion to remark again upon it, when I come to King Lear.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am paſt: as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy lord!---Well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of-------I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and maſter's married; there's news for you: you have a new miſtreſs.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your Lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs. He, my good Lord, whom I ſerve above is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy arms o' this faſhion? doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger I'd beat thee: methinks thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee. I think thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my Lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſaucy with Lords and honourable perſonages than

the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then.——Good, very good, let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever.

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I've sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me: I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to the wars.

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars.
He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: to other regions;
France is a stable, we that dwell in't jades;
Therefore to the war.

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.

I'll send her straight away. To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound, there's noise in it.---'Tis hard;
A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely: go,
The King has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter HELENA *and Clown.*

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health; she's very merry, but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' th' world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly; the other, that she's on earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate Lady.

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on, and to keep them on, have them still. O my knave, how does my old Lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to

say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, Sir, before a knave th'art a knave; that's, before me th'art a knave: this had been truth, Sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, Sir? or were you taught to find me? the search, Sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to-night,
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compelled restraint:
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' th' King,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding;
Strengthened with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtained, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. (24) In every thing I wait upon his will.

(24) Hel. *In every thing I wait upon his will.*
Par. *I shall report it so.*
Hel. *I pray you come, sirrah.*] The pointing of Helen's

Par. I shall report it so. [*Exit* Par.
Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*To* Clown.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your Lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my Lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, Sir.

Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well; ay, Sir, he, Sir's a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the King? [*Aside to* Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my trea-

last short speech stands thus absurdly through all the editions. My regulation restores the true meaning. Upon Parolles saying, he shall report it so; Helena is intended to reply, *I pray you, do so*; and then, turning to the Clown, she more familiarly addresses *him*, and bids him come along with her.

ſure, given order for our horſes; and to-night, when I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the bride---and ere I do begin---

Laf. A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uſes a known truth to paſs a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard and thrice beaten---God ſave you, Captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindneſs between my Lord and you, Monſieur?

Par. I know not how I have deſerved to run into my Lord's diſpleaſure.

Laf. (25) You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that leapt into the cuſtard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may be you have miſtaken him, my Lord.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my Lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the ſoul of this man is his clothes. Truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, Monſieur,

(25) *You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that* leapt *into the* cuſtard.] This odd alluſion is not introduced without a view to ſatire. It was a foolery practiſed at city entertainments, whilſt the Jeſter or Zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep cuſtard, ſet for the purpoſe, to ſet on a quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh, as our Poet ſays in his *Hamlet*. I do not advance this without ſome authority, and a quotation from *Ben Johnſon* will very well explain it.

He ne'er will be admitted there where *Vennor* comes.
He may, perchance, in tail of a ſheriff's dinner,
Skip with a rhyme o' th' table, from new-nothing;
And take his *Almaine leap* into a *cuſtard*,
Shall make my Lady Mayoreſs and her ſiſters
Laugh all their hoods over their ſhoulders———

Devil's an Aſs, Act i. Sc. 1.

I have ſpoken better of you than you have or will deſerve at my hand, but we muſt do good againſt evil. *Exit.*

Par. An idle Lord, I ſwear.——

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common ſpeech Gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the King, and have procured his leave For preſent parting; only he deſires Some private ſpeech with you.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, Helen, at my courſe, Which holds not colour with the time; nor does The miniſtration and required office On my particular. Prepared I was not For ſuch a buſineſs; therefore am I found So much unſettled: this drives me to intreat you, That preſently you take your way for home, And rather muſe, than aſk, why I intreat you; For my reſpects are better than they ſeem, And my appointments have in them a need Greater than ſhews itſelf at the firſt view, To you that know them not. This to my mother. [*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I ſhall ſee you, ſo I leave you to your wiſdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out that,

Wherein toward me my homely ſtars have failed
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go:
My haſte is very great. Farewel; hie home.
Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you ſay?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I ſay 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But like a timorous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something, and ſcarce ſo much——nothing, indeed——
I would not tell you what I would, my Lord——'faith, yes;——
Strangers and foes do ſunder, and not kiſs.
Ber. I pray you, ſtay not; but in haſte to horſe.
Hel. (26) I ſhall not break your bidding, good my Lord.
Where are my other men? Monſieur, farewel. [*Exit.*
Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will never come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum.
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, coſtargio! [*Exeunt.*

(26) Hel. *I ſhall not break your bidding, good my Lord:*
Where are my other men? *Monſieur, farewel.*
Ber. *Go thou toward home, where I will never come,*]
What other men is Helen here enquiring after? or how is ſhe ſuppoſed to aſk for them? The old Counteſs, 'tis certain, did not ſend her to the court without ſome attendants; but neither the Clown, nor any of her fortune, are now upon the ſtage: I have not diſturbed the text, though I ſuſpect the lines ſhould be thus placed and pointed.
Ber. *Where are my other men, Monſieur?* [To *Par.*] *Farewel:*
Go thou towards home,—where I, &c. [To *Hel. who goes out.*]
Bertram, obſerving Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to ſhift her off, puts on a ſhew of haſte, aſks Parolles for his ſervants, and then gives his wife an abrupt diſmiſſion.

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Duke's Court in* Florence.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, *two* French *Lords, with Soldiers.*

DUKE.

SO that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reaſons of this war,
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth,
And more thirſts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part, but black and fearful
On the oppoſer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our couſin
Would, in ſo juſt a buſineſs, ſhut his boſom [France
Againſt our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my Lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By ſelf-unabled motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, ſince I have found
Myſelf in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſs'd.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

2 *Lord.* But I am ſure the younger of our nation,
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will day by day
Come here for phyſic.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they be,
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them ſettle. You know your places well.
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow, to the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Roufillon, *in* France.

Enter Countefs *and* Clown.

Count. It hath happened, all as I would have had it, fave that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what obfervance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and fing; mend his ruff, and fing; ask queftions, and fing; pick his teeth, and fing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy, fold a goodly manor for a fong.

Count. Let me fee what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Reads the letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Ifbel fince I was at court. Our old ling, and our Ifbels o' th' country, are nothing like your old ling, and your Ifbels o' th' court: the brain of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no ftomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Countefs *reads a letter.*

" I have fent you a daughter-in-law: fhe hath " recovered the King, and undone me. I have " wedded her, not bedded her; and fworn to make " the *not* eternal. You fhall hear I am run away; " know it before the report come. If there be " breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long " diftance. My duty to you.

" Your unfortunate fon,

" *Bertram.*"

This is not well, rafh and unbridled boy,

To fly the favours of so good a king,
To pluck his indignation on thy head;
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young Lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more. For my part, I only hear your son was run away.

Enter HELENA *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gen.* Save you, good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gen.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience: 'pray you, Gentlemen,
I've felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither on the start,
Can woman me unto't. Where is my son?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward, from thence we came;
And after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, Madam; here's my passport.

"When thou can'st get the ring upon my finger which never shall come off, and shew me a

" child begotten of thy body that I am father to,
" then call me husband: but in such a *then*, I
" write a *never*."
This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, Gentlemen?

1 *Gen.* Ay, Madam, and for the contents sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, Lady, have a better cheer.
If thou engrossest all the griefs as thine,
Thou robbest me of a moiety: he was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gent.* Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpose; and believe it,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gent.* Ay, Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed. [France."

Hel. " 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
'Tis bitter. [*Reading.*

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Yes, Madam.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife?
There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly mistress. Who's with him?

1 *Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good Lady, he. [ness.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wicked-

My ſon corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gent.* (27) Indeed, good Lady, the fellow has a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, Gentlemen; I will intreat you, when you ſee my ſon, to tell him that his ſword can never win the honour that he loſes; more I'll intreat you written to bear along.

2 *Gent.* We ſerve you, Madam, in that and all your worthieſt affairs.

Count. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies. Will you draw near? [*Exeunt* Count. *and* Gent.

Hel. "'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in Nothing in France until he have no wife!" [France." Thou ſhalt have none, Roſillion, none in France; Then haſt thou all again. Poor Lord! is it I That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event Of the none-ſparing war? and is it I That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark Of ſmoky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers, That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire, Fly with falſe aim; move the ſtill-piercing air, That ſings with piercing, do not touch my Lord. Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there: Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,

(27) *Indeed, good Lady, the fellow has a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.*] This is ſomewhat obſcure in the expreſſion; but the meaning muſt be this; The fellow, indeed, has a deal too much vanity, lying, boaſting; but it holds him much to have ſuch qualities; *i. e.* it ſtands him in great ſtead, is of great ſervice to him, and what he cannot do without: for theſe were the arts that Parolles uſed to get into Bertram's favour. and when once they were diſcovered, he was ſet a-drift, and undone.

I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected. Better it were
I met the ravening lion when he roared
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger; better it were
That all the miſeries which Nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rouſillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar;
As oft it loſes all. I will be gone;
My being here it is that holds thee hence.
Shall I ſtay here to do it? no, no; although
The air of Paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels officed all, I will be gone:
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear. Come night; end day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Duke's Court in* Florence.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM, *drum and trumpets, ſoldiers,* PAROLLES.

Duke. The general of our horſe thou art, and we,
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence
Upon thy promiſing fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength; but yet
We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To th' extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go forth,
And Fortune play upon thy proſperous helm,
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myſelf into thy file;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs *and* Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know ſhe would do as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter? Read it again.

LETTER.

" I am St Jaques's pilgrim, thither gone;
" Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,
" That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
" With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
" Write, write that from the bloody courſe of war
" My deareſt maſter, your dear ſon, may hie;
" Bleſs him at home in peace, whilſt I from far
" His name with zealous fervour ſanctify.
" His taken labours bid him me forgive;
" I, his deſpiteful Juno, ſent him forth
" From courtly friends, with camping foes to live;
" Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
" He is too good and fair for death and me,
" Whom I myſelf embrace, to ſet him free."

Ah, what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words!
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much
As letting her paſs ſo: had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon, Madam.
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet ſhe writes
Purſuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel ſhall
Bleſs this unworthy huſband? he cannot thrive,
Unleſs her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear,

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greateſt injuſtice. Write, write, Rynaldo,
To this unworthy huſband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greateſt grief,
Tho' little he do feel it, ſet down ſharply.
Diſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger:
When, haply, he ſhall hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that ſhe,
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is deareſt to me, I've no ſkill in ſenſe
To make diſtinction. Provide this meſſenger.
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and ſorrow bids me ſpeak.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a public place in* Florence. *A Tucket afar off.*

Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, *and* MARIANA, *with other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come. For if they do approach the city, we ſhall loſe all the ſight.

Dia. They ſay the French Count has done moſt honourable ſervice.

Wid. It is reported that he has ta'en their greateſt commander, and that with his own hand he ſlew the Duke's brother. We have loſt our labour, they are gone a contrary way: hark, you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and ſuffice ourſelves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French Earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been ſolicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, (hang him!) one Parolles; a filthy officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young Earl; beware of them, Diana; (28) their promiſes, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt, are not the things they go under; many a maid hath been ſeduced by them, and the miſery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to adviſe you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, tho' there were no further danger known, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, *diſguiſed like a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope ſo.——Look, here comes a Pilgrim; I know ſhe will lye at my houſe; thither they ſend one another; I'll queſtion her: God ſave you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

(28) *Their promiſes, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt,* are not the things they go under; *i. e.* They are not in reality ſo true and ſincere, as in appearance they ſeem to be. This will be beſt explained by another paſſage in *Hamlet*, where Polonius is counſelling his daughter.

——————I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows. Theſe *blazes*, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both
Even in their promiſe as it is a making,
You muſt not take for fire
——————In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers:
Not of that *dye* which their *inveſtments* ſhew,
But mere implorers of unholy ſuits,
Breathing like ſanctified and holy bawds,
The better to beguile

Hel. To St Jaques le Grand. Where do the palmers lodge, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the St Francis, beſide the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*

Wid. Ay, marry is't. Hark you, they come this way. If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but 'till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodged;
The rather for, I think, I know your hoſteſs
As ample as myſelf.

Hel. Is it yourſelf?

Wid. If you ſhall pleaſe ſo, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will ſtay upon your leiſure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did ſo.

Wid. Here you ſhall ſee a countryman of yours
That has done worthy ſervice.

Hel. His name, I pray you? [one?

Dia. The Count Rouſillon: know you ſuch a

Hel. But by the ear, that hears moſt nobly of him;
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatſoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He ſtole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the King had married him
Againſt his liking. Think you it is ſo?

Hel. Ay, ſurely, mere the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that ſerves the Count,
Reports but coarſely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monſieur Parolles.

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great Count himſelf, ſhe is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and that
I have not heard examined.

Dia. Alas, poor Lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting Lord.
Wid. Ah! right: good creature! wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly; this young maid might do
A shrewd turn, if she pleased. [her
Hel. How do you mean?
May be the amorous Count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
Wid. He does, indeed;
And broakes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid;
But she is armed for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Drum and Colours. Enter BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *officers and soldiers attending.*

Mar. The gods forbid else!
Wid. So now they come:
That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He;
That with the plume; 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would he loved his wife! if he were honester,
He were much goodlier. Is t not a handsome gentle- [man?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest: yond's that same knave

(29) ——*yond's that same knave,*
That leads him to these places.] What *places?* He did not lead him to be *general* of horse under the Duke of Florence, sure; nor have they been talking of brothels, or, indeed, any particular locality. I make no question but our Author wrote;
That leads him to these paces;
i. e. to such irregular steps, to courses of debauchery, to not loving his wife.

That leads him to theſe paces; were I his lady, I'd poiſon that vile raſcal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That Jack-a-napes with ſcarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Loſe our drum! well-------

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vexed at ſomething. Look, he has ſpied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you! [*Exeunt* Ber. Par. *&c.*

Mar. And your curteſy, for a ring-carrier!---

Wid. The troop is paſt: come, pilgrim, I will bring
Where you ſhall hoſt: of enjoined penitents [you
There's four or five, to great St Jaques bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me: and to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BERTRAM, *and the two* French *Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my Lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your Lordſhip find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am ſo far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my Lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinſman, he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your Lordſhip's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, leſt, repoſing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at ſome great and truſty buſineſs in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will ſuddenly ſurpriſe him; ſuch I will have, whom, I am ſure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adverſaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your Lordſhip preſent at his examination, if he do not for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he ſays, he has a ſtratagem for't; (30) when your Lordſhip ſees the bottom of his ſucceſs

(30) *When your Lordſhip ſees the bottom of his ſucceſs in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of* ours *will be melted, if you give him not* John Drum's *entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed.*] I conjectured,——this counterfeit lump of *oar*,—when I publiſhed my Shakeſpeare Reſtored; thus it bears a conſonancy with the other terms accompanying. (*viz.* metal, lump, and melted) and helps the propriety of the Poet's thought: for ſo one metaphor is kept up, and all the words are proper and ſuitable to it. But what is the meaning of John Drum's entertainment? Lafeu ſeveral times afterwards calls Parolles, Tom Drum. But the difference of the Chriſtian name will make none in the explanation. There is an old motley interlude (printed in 1601) called Jack Drum's Entertainment; or, The Comedy of Paſquail and Katha-

in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of oar will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, Monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

rine. In this, Jack Drum is a servant of intrigue, who is ever aiming at projects, and always foiled and given the drop. And there is another old piece (published in 1627), called *Apollo Shroving*, in which I find these expressions.

Thuriger. Thou, Lozel, hath Slug infected you?
Why do you give such kind entertainment to
that cobweb?

Scopas. It shall have Tom Drum's Entertainment; a flap with a fox-tail.

But both these pieces are, perhaps, too late in time, to come to the assistance of our Author: so we must look a little higher. What is said here to Bertram is to this effect: "My Lord, as you have taken this fellow [Parolles] into "so near a confidence, if, upon his being found a counter-"feit, you don't cashier him from your favour, then your "attachment is not to be removed." I'll now subjoin a quotation from Holinshed, (of whose books Shakespeare was a most diligent reader) which will pretty well ascertain Drum's history. This chronologer, in his description of Ireland, speaking of Patrick Scarsefield, Mayor of Dublin in the year 1551 and of his extravagant hospitality, subjoins, "That no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: so that his porter, or any other officer, durst not for both his ears give the simplest man that resorted to his house Tom Drum's Entertainment, which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders."

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum ſo loſt! there was excellent command! to charge in with our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſoldiers!

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the ſervice; it was a diſaſter of war that Cæſar himſelf could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſs: ſome diſhonour we had in the loſs of that drum, but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered. But that the merit of ſervice is ſeldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*——

Ber. Why, if you have a ſtomach to't, Monſieur; if you think your myſtery in ſtratagem can bring this inſtrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well in it, the Duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſs.

Par. By the hand of a ſoldier I will undertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and I will preſently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myſelf in my certainty, put myſelf into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the ſucceſs will be, my Lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant; and to the poſſibility of thy ſoldierſhip, will ſubſcribe for thee. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Par. I love not many words.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fiſh loves water.——Is not this a ſtrange fellow, my Lord, that ſo confidently ſeems to undertake this buſineſs, which he knows is not to be done; damns himſelf to do it, and dares better be damned than to do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my Lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will ſteal himſelf into a man's favour, and for a week eſcape a great deal of diſcoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that ſo ſeriouſly he does addreſs himſelf unto?

2 *Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almoſt imboſſed him, you ſhall ſee his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your Lordſhip's reſpect.

1 *Lord.* We'll make you ſome ſport with the fox, ere we caſe him. He was firſt ſmoaked by the old Lord Lafeu; when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him, which you ſhall ſee this very night.

2 *Lord.* I muſt go and look my twigs; he ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he ſhall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As't pleaſe your Lordſhip. I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhew The laſs I ſpoke of. [you

1 *Lord.* But you say she's honest. [once,

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' th' wind,
Tokens and letters, which she did resend;
And this is all I've done: she's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

1 *Lord.* With all my heart, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Widow's *House.*

Enter HELENA *and* Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the Count he is my husband;
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you,
For you have shew'd me that which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again, [daughter,
When I have found it. The Count wooes your
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny

That she'll demand: a ring the Count does wear,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents,
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With music of all sorts, and songs composed
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene, part of the French Camp in Florence.

Enter one of the French *Lords, with five or six soldiers in ambush.*

LORD.

HE can come no other way but by this hedge-corner; when you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will; though you underſtand it not yourſelves, no matter; for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him, unleſs ſome one amongſt us, whom we muſt produce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good Captain, let me be the interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linſy-woolſy haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

Sol. Even ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

Lord. He muſt think us ſome band of ſtrangers i' th' adverſaries entertainment. Now he hath a ſmack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we ſpeak one to another, ſo we ſeem to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politic. But couch, hoa! here he comes to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten a clock; within theſe three hours 'twill

be time enough to go home, What shall I say I have done? it must be a very plausive invention that carries it. They begin to smoak me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door; I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit; yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the instance? (31) Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

(31) *Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of* Bajazet's mule, *if you prattle me into these perils.*] Why of Bajazet's mule, rary more than any other mule? Is there any particular conceit, any story on record, by which that Emperor's mule is signalized? If there be, I freely own my ignorance. Though I have not altered the text, Mr Warburton concurred with me in thinking that the Poet probably wrote,

——and by mule! another of Bajazet's *mutes*,

i. e. of a Turkish mute. So in *Henry V.*

Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like Turkish *mute*, shall have a tongueless mouth, &c

Besides, as my friend observed to me, the antithesis between a butter-woman and a mute is tolerably well. If there be any difficulty remains, it is to know why the Poet has chosen to say, Bajazet's mute. To this it may be answered, that Bajazet the Great, (who was at last overthrown by Tamerlane), by his prodigious exploits becoming very famous for a long time after, amongst us Europeans, his successors were called by his name when they were spoke of.

Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lord. We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say, it was in stratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [*Aside.*

Par. Or to drown my clouths, and say I was stript.

Lord. Hardly serve. [*Aside.*

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

Lord. How deep? [*Aside.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemies; I would swear I recovered it.

Lord. You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*

Par. A drum now of the enemies! [*Alarm within.*

Lord. *Throco movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, valliando par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*

Int. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

Int. *Boskos vouvado;* I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue; *Kerelibonto,*—Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

Int. Oh, pray, pray, pray,
Mancha ravancha dulche.
Lord. *Oscorbi dulchor volivaros.*
Int. The general is content to spare thee yet,
And hood-winked as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayest inform
Something to save thy life.
Par. Oh let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew;
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.
Int. But wilt thou faithfully?
Par. If I do not, damn me.
Int. *Acordo linia.*
Come on, thou art granted space. [*Exit.*
[*A short alarm within.*
Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon and my brother
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him
'Till we do hear from them. [muffled
Sol. Captain, I will.
Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves,
Inform them that.
Sol. So I will, Sir.
Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark and safely
locked. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Widow's *House.*

Enter BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.
Dia. No, my good Lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess,
And worth it with addition! but, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No.
My mother did but duty, such, my Lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that!
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
'Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our barrenness.
Ber. How have I sworn!
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true;
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: then, pray tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions but unseal'd,
At least in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Which then recover. Say thou art mine, and ever

My love, as it begins, shall so perſevere.

Dia. I ſee that men make hope in ſuch affairs
That we'll forſake ourſelves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my Lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'the world
In me to loſe.

Dia. Mine honour's ſuch a ring;
My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'the world
In me to loſe. Thus your own proper wiſdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.

Ber. Here, take my ring.
My houſe, my honour, yea my life be thine;
And I'll be bid by thee. [window;

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber
I'll order take my mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me.
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them,
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our paſt deeds.
Adieu 'till then: then fail not: you have won
A wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

Ber. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both Heav'n
You may ſo in the end. [and me.

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sate in's heart; she says all men
Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead: therefore I'll ly with him
When I am buried. (32) Since Frenchmen are so
Marry 'em that will, I'd live and die a maid: [braid,
Only in this disguise I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the* French *Camp in* Florence.

Enter the two French *Lords, and two or three soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since; there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon

(32) ——*Since* Frenchmen *are so braid,*
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid.] This is certainly the most cruel resolution that ever poor wench made. What! because Frenchmen were false, she, that was an Italian, would marry nobody. But it is plain, as refined as this reasoning is, her mother did not understand the delicacy of the conclusion; for afterwards, she comes into Helen's project, on the promise of a good round dowery of 3000 crowns, to help her daughter to a husband. In short, the text is, without all question, corrupted; and we should read it thus,

——Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry *'em* that will, *I'd* live and die a maid.

i. e. since Frenchmen prove so crooked and perverse in their manners, let who will marry them; I had rather live and die a maid than venture upon them. This she says with a view to Helen, who appeared so fond of her husband, and went through so many difficulties to obtain him. I dare say the fair sex will think this emendation most agreeable to the rules of logic, as well as to the less erring dictates of Nature. Mr *Warburton.*

him for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a Lady.

2 *Lord.* Eſpecially he hath incurred the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the King, who had even tuned his bounty to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have ſpoken it 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a moſt chaſte renown; and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſte compoſition.

2 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion: as we are ourſelves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. As in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveal themſelves, 'till they attain to their abhorred ends; ſo he, that in this action contrives againſt his own nobility, in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We ſhall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not 'till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his company anatomized, that he might take a meaſure of his own judgment, wherein ſo curiouſly he hath ſet his counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him, 'till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean'time, what hear you of theſe wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to St Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished; and there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death; her death itself (which could not be her office to say is come) was faithfully confirmed by the Rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your maſter?

Ser. He met the Duke in the ſtreet, Sir, of whom he hath taken a ſolemn leave: his Lordſhip will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendation to the King.

2 *Lord.* They ſhall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too ſweet for the King's tartneſs; here's his Lordſhip now. How now, my Lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night diſpatched ſixteen buſineſſes, a month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs: I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neareſt; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady-mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between theſe main parcels of diſpatch, effected many nicer needs; the laſt was the greateſt, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your Lordſhip.

Ber. I mean, the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But ſhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the ſoldier? come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceived me like a double-meaning propheſier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth; he has ſate in the ſtocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deſerved it, in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long. How does he carry himſelf?

1 *Lord.* I have told your Lordſhip already: the

ſtocks carry him. But to anſwer you as you would be underſtood, he weeps like a wench that had ſhed her milk: he hath confeſſed himſelf to Morgan, whom he ſuppoſes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i' th' ſtocks; and what think you he hath confeſſed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face; if your Lordſhip be in't, as I believe you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

Enter PAROLLES, *with his Interpreter.*

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled! he can ſay nothing of me. Huſh! huſh!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartaroſſa.*

Int. He calls for the tortures; what will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint; if ye pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

Int. Boſko chimurcho.

2 *Lord. Biblibindo chicurmurco.*

Int. You are a merciful general; our general bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aſk you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. Firſt, demand of him how many horſe the Duke is ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand, but very weak and unſerviceable; the troops are all ſcattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do, I'll take the ſacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to me.

Ber. What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this?

1 *Lord.* Y'are deceived, my Lord, this is Monſieur Parolles, the gallant militariſt, that was his own phraſe, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never truſt a man again for keeping his ſword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe I ſaid, (I will ſay true), or thereabouts, ſet down; for I'll ſpeak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Int. Demand of him of what ſtrength they are a-foot. What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this preſent hour, I will tell true. Let me ſee, Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebaſtian ſo many, Corambus ſo many, Jaques ſo many; Guiltian, Coſmo, Lodowic, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each; ſo that the muſter-file, rotten and ſound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thouſand poll, half of the which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks, leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness of war; or whether he thinks it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him; he was a butcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the Sheriff's fool with child, a dumb innocent, that could not say him Nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your Lordship anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me the other day to turn him out of the band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

Int. Here it is, here's a paper; shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1. *Lord.* Excellently.

Int. Dian, the Count's a fool, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertiſement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rouſillon, a fooliſh idle boy, but for all that very ruttiſh. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Int. Nay, I'll read it firſt, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and laſcivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both ſides rogue.

Interpreter reads the letter.

" When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and
" take it.
" After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
" Half won is match well made; match, and well
" make it:
" He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before.
" And ſay a ſoldier (Dian) told thee this;
" (33) Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiſs.
" For count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it,
" Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
" Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,
" *Parolles.*"

(33) *Men are to mell with, boys are* not *to kiſs*] All the editors have obtruded a new maxim upon us here, that boys are not to kiſs. Livia, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Tamer Tamed*, is of a quite oppoſite opinion.

For boys were made for nothing *but* dry kiſſes.

And our Poet's thought, I am perſuaded, went to the ſame tune; that boys are fit only to kiſs; men to mingle with, and give more ſubſtantial pleaſures. To *meil*, is derived from the French word *meller*, to mingle. I made this correction when I publiſhed my Shakeſpeare Reſtored, and Mr Pope has thought fit to adopt it in his laſt impreſſion.

Ber. He ſhall be whipt through the army with this rhime in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguiſt and the armipotent ſoldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he is a cat to me.

Int. I perceive, Sir, by the General's looks we ſhall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any caſe; not that I am afraid to die, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a dungeon, i' th' ſtocks, any where, ſo I may live.

Int. We'll ſee what may be done, ſo you confeſs freely; therefore once more to this captain Dumain: you have anſwered to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honeſty?

Par. He will ſteal, Sir, an egg out of a cloiſter; for rapes and ravithments he parallels Neſſus. He profeſſes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is ſtronger than Hercules. He will lie, Sir, with ſo much volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue, for he will be ſwine-drunk, and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, Sir, of his honeſty: he has every thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have; what an honeſt man ſhould have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Int. What ſay you to his expertneſs in war?

Par. Faith, Sir, h'as led the drum before the Engliſh tragedians: to belie him I will not; and more of his ſoldierſhip I know not; except in that

country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

Int. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart-d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut the intail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' th' same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excells his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he out-runs any laquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Int. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

Int. I'll whisper with the general and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into danger; yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*

Int. There is no remedy, Sir, but you must die; the general says you that have so traiterously disco-

vered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for no honeſt uſe; therefore you muſt die. Come, headſman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, Sir, let me live, or let me ſee my death.

Int. That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unbinding him.*
So look about you. Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble Captain.

2 Lord. God bleſs you, Captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God ſave you, noble Captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good Captain, will you give me a copy of that ſame ſonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rouſillon? If I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Int. You are undone, Captain, all but your ſcarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſhed with a plot?

Int. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, Sir; I am for France too, we ſhall ſpeak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this. Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and ſleep as ſoft
As captain ſhall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt ſword! cool bluſhes! and, Parolles, live
Safeſt in ſhame! being fooled, by foolery thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the* Widow's *houſe at* Florence.

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wronged you,
One of the greateſt in the Chriſtian world
Shall be my ſurety; 'fore whoſe throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was I did him a deſired office,
Dear almoſt as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartars boſom would peep forth,
And anſwer thanks. I duly am informed
His Grace is at Marſeilles, to which place
We have convenient convoy. You muſt know,
I am ſuppoſed dead; the army breaking,
My huſband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good Lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a ſervant to whoſe truſt
Your buſineſs was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, miſtreſs,
Ever a friend whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompenſe your love: doubt not but Heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower;
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a huſband. But, O ſtrange men!
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,
When ſaucy truſting of the cozened thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night; ſo luſt doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honeſty

Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Upon your will to ſuffer.
Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on ſummer,
When briars ſhall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as ſweet as ſharp. We muſt away;
(34) Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us;
(35) *All's well that ends well*; ſtill the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the courſe, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs, LAFEU, *and* Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your ſon was miſled with a ſnipt-taffata fellow there whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbaked and downy youth

(34) *Our waggon is prepared, and time* revives *us.*] The word revives conveys ſo little idea of ſenſe here, that it ſeems very liable to ſuſpicion How could time revive theſe travelling adventurers? Helen could not have ſo poor a thought as to mean, "Though we were tired laſt night, yet repoſe has "given us freſh vigour, and now time revives us for a new "fatigue." Can it then have this meaning? The conſequences of our enterprize, and the happy iſſue that may crown it in time, revive our ſpirits, and animate us to a chearful proſecution. —— Mr Warburton very reaſonably conjectures that we ſhould read,

——and time *revyes* us;

i. e. looks us in the face, calls upon us to haſten.

(35) *All's well that ends well; ſtill* that finds *the crown;*] What finds? there is no ſubſtantive in the preceding branch of the ſentence to anſwer to this relative. But this is the reading only of Mr Rowe and Mr Pope; I have reſtored the genuine text from the firſt Folio. Our Author is alluding to the Latin proverbial gnome. *Finis coronat opus.* And he elſewhere uſes the *fine* to ſignify the end, the iſſue. So Benedick, in *Much Ado about Nothing.*

——and the *fine* is, (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.

of a nation of his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your ſon here at home more advanced by the King than by the red-tailed humble-bee I ſpeak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the moſt virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praiſe for creating; if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thouſand ſallads ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, ſhe was the ſweet marjoram of the ſallad, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not ſallad-herbs, you knave, they are noſe-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, Sir, I have not much ſkill in graſs.

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thyſelf a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's ſervice, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your diſtinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

Laf. So you were a knave at his ſervice, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, Sir, to do her ſervice.

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your ſervice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, Sir, he has an Engliſh name; but his phiſnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What Prince is that?

Clo. The black Prince, Sir, *alias* the Prince of darkneſs, *alias* the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purſe; I give thee not this to ſeduce thee from thy maſter thou talkeſt of, ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, that always loved a great fire; and the maſter I ſpeak of ever keeps a good fire; but, ſure, he is the Prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: ſome that humble themſelves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horſes be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, they ſhall be jades tricks, which are their own right by the law of Nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A ſhrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My Lord that's gone made himſelf much ſport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſaucineſs; and indeed he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiſs; and I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good Lady's death, and that my Lord your ſon was upon his return home, I moved the King my maſter to ſpeak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his Majeſty, out of a ſelf-

gracious remembrance, did first propose: his Highness hath promised me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your Ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able a body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me that, I hope, I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder's my Lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under't, or no, the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Court of* France *at* Marſeilles.

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA, *with two Attendants.*

HELENA.

BUT this exceeding poſting day and night
Muſt wear your ſpirits low; we cannot help it:
But ſince you've made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do ſo grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time——

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his Majeſty's ear,
If he would ſpend his power. God ſave you, Sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the Court of France.

Gent. I have been ſometimes there.

Hel. I do preſume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
And therefore, goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own virtues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor petition to the King,
And aid me with that ſtore of power you have,
To come into his preſence.

Gent. The King's not here.

Hel. Not here, Sir?

Gent Not, indeed.
He hence removed laſt night, and with more haſte
Than is his uſe.

Wid. Lord, how we loſe our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time ſeems ſo adverſe, and means unfit.
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rouſillon,
Whither I'm going.

Hel. I beſeech you, Sir,
Since you are like to ſee the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I preſume, ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you. [thanked,

Hel. And you ſhall find yourſelf to be well
Whate'er falls more. We muſt to horſe again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Rouſillon.

Enter Clown *and* PAROLLES.

Par. Good Mr Levatch, give my Lord Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher cloaths; (36) but I am now, Sir, muddied in Fortune's moat, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clown. Truly, Fortune's diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh,

(36) *But I am now, Sir, muddied in Fortune's mood, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.*] *Fortune's mood* is, without queſtion, good ſenſe, and very proper: and yet I verily believe the Poet wrote as I have reſtored in the text;——*in Fortune's moat:* becauſe the Clown, in the very next ſpeech, replies, I will henceforth eat no *fiſh* of Fortune's buttering: and again, when he comes to repeat Parolles's petition to Lafeu,——that hath fallen into the unclean *fiſhpond* of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is *muddied* withal. And again, Pray you, Sir, uſe the *carp* as you may, *&c.* In all which places, 'tis obvious, a moat or pond, is the alluſion. Beſides,

if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no fiſh of Fortune's buttering. Pray thee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not ſtop your noſe, Sir; I ſpake but by a metaphor.

Clown. Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe againſt any man's metaphor. Pray thee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

Clown. Foh! pray thee ſtand away: a paper from Fortune's cloſe-ſtool, to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himſelf.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of Fortune's, Sir, or of Fortune's cat, (but not a muſk-cat,) that hath fallen into the unclean fiſh-pond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, uſe the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. (37) I do pity his diſtreſs in my ſmiles of comfort, and leave him to your Lordſhip.

Parolles ſmelling ſtrong, as he ſays, of Fortune's ſtrong diſpleaſure, carries on the ſame image: for as the *moats* round old ſeats were always repleniſhed with fiſh, ſo the Clown's joke of holding his noſe, we may preſume, proceeded from this——becauſe *la chambre baſſe* was always over the moat: and therefore the Clown humorouſly ſays, when Parolles is preſſing him to deliver his letter to Lord Lafeu—Foh! pr'ythee, ſtand away: a paper from Fortune's *cloſe-ſtool*, to give to a nobleman!

(37) *I do pity his diſtreſs in my ſmiles of comfort,*] This very humorous paſſage my friend Mr Warburton reſcued from nonſenſe moſt happily, by the inſertion of a ſingle letter, in the manner I have reformed the text. Theſe *ſimiles* of comfort are ironically meant by the Clown; as much as to ſay, you may perceive how much I think he deſerves comfort by my calling him Fortune's cat, carp, raſcally knave, &c.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly ſcratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pair her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune, that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of herſelf is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a *Quart-d'eçu* for you: let the juſtices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other buſineſs.

Par. I beſeech your honour to hear me one ſingle word.

Laf. You beg a ſingle penny more: come, you ſhall ha't, ſave your word.

Par. My name, my good Lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox' my paſſion! give me your hand; how does your drum?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the firſt that found me.

Laf. Was I, in ſooth? and I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lyes in you, my Lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! doſt thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Sound trumpets.*] The King's coming, I know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you laſt night; though you are a fool and a knave, you ſhall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. *Enter* KING, Counteſs, LAFEU, *the two* French *Lords, with attendants.*

King. We loſt a jewel of her, (38) our eſteem

(38) ——our eſteem
Was made much poorer by it:——] What's the meaning of

Was made much poorer by it; but your ſon,
As made in folly, lacked the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home.

Count. 'Tis paſt, my Liege;
And I beſeech your Majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion, (39) done i' the blade of youth,
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honoured Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watched the time to ſhoot.

Laf. This I muſt ſay,
But firſt I beg my pardon; the young Lord
Did to his Majeſty, his mother, and his lady,

the King's eſteem being made poorer by the loſs of Helen? I think it can only be underſtood in one ſenſe; and that ſenſe won't carry water: *i. e.* We ſuffered in our eſtimation by her loſs. But how ſo? Did the King contribute to her misfortunes? Nothing like it. Or did he not do all in his power to prevent them? Yes; he married Bertram to her. We muſt certainly read therefore;

We loſt a jewel of her; our eſtate
Was made much poorer by it:

That's the certain conſequence of any one's loſing a jewel, for their eſtate to be made proportionably poorer according to the value of the loſs. *Mr. Warburton.*

(39) *Natural rebellion, done i' th'* blade *of youth.*] If this reading be genuine, the metaphor muſt be from any grain or plant taking fire: but I own, it ſeems more in Shakeſpeare's way of thinking to ſuppoſe he wrote,

Natural rebellion done i'th' *blaze* of youth,

i. e. in the fervour, flame, &c. So he has expreſſed himſelf upon the like occaſion, in *Hamlet*,

——I do know,
When the blood *burns*, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows. The *blazes*, O my daughter, &c.

And ſo again, in his *Troilus and Creſſida*:

For Hector, in his *blaze* of wrath, ſubſcribes
To tender objects.——

Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts, that scorned to serve,
Humbly called mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well—call him hi-
We're reconciled, and the first view shall kill [ther:
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it. Let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my Liege.

King. What says he to your daughter? Have you
spoke? [ness.

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your High-

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters
That set him high in fame. [sent me,

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I'm not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole,
Not one word more of the consumed time:
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quickest decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time

Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. At first
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his ſcornful perſpective did lend me,
Which warped the line of every other favour;
Scorned a fair colour, or expreſſed it ſtolen,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous object: thence it came,
That ſhe, whom all men praiſed, and whom myſelf,
Since I have loſt, have loved, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

King. Well excuſed:
That thou didſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great compt; but love, that comes too late,
Like a remorſeful pardon ſlowly carried,
To the great ſender turns a ſour offence,
Crying, that's good that is gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our diſpleaſures, to ourſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and, after, weep their duſt:
Our own love, waking, cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful hate ſleeps out the afternoon.
Be this ſweet Helen's knell; and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin;
The main conſents are had, and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our widower's ſecond marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the firſt, (40) O dear
Heav'n bleſs,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceaſe!

(40) *Which better than the firſt, O dear Heaven bleſs,*
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceaſe!] I have ventured, againſt the authority of the printed copies, to prefix the Counteſs's name to theſe two lines. The King appears, in-

Laf. Come on, my ſon, in whom my houſe's name
Muſt be digeſted; give a favour from you
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ev'ry hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a ſweet creature: ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that ere ſhe took her leave at court,
I ſaw upon her finger.

Ber. Her's it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me ſee it; for mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?

Ber. My gracious Sovereign,
Howe'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was never her's.

Count. Son, on my life
I've ſeen her wear it, and ſhe reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I'm ſure I ſaw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, ſhe never ſaw it:
In Florence was it from a caſement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: (41) noble ſhe was, and thought

deed, to be a favourer of Bertram: but if Bertram ſhould make a bad huſband the ſecond time, why ſhould it give the King ſuch mortal pangs? a fond and diſappointed mother might reaſonably not deſire to live to ſee ſuch a day; and from her the wiſh of dying, rather than to behold it, come with propriety.

(41) ——— *noble ſhe was, and thought*
I ſtood engaged;—] I don't underſtand this reading. If we are to underſtand, that he thought Bertram engaged to

I stood ungag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in Nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour
And mak'st conject'ral fears to come into me, [nour:
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman—'twill not prove so—
And yet I know not—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away.
[*Guards seize* Bertram.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,

---

her in affection, inthrall'd by her charms, this meaning is too obscurely expressed. The context rather makes me believe, that the Poet wrote,

——noble she was, and thought
I stood *disengaged*;

i. e. unengaged; neither my heart nor person disposed of.

Having vainly feared too little. Away with him:
We'll ſift this matter further.

Ber. If you ſhall prove
This ring was ever her's, you ſhall as eaſy
Prove that I huſbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet ſhe never was. [*Exit* Bertram *guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I'm wrapped in diſmal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious Sovereign,
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for four or five removes come ſhort
To tender it herſelf. I undertook it,
Vanquiſhed thereto by the fair grace and ſpeech
Of the poor ſuppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
With an importing viſage, and ſhe told me,
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highneſs with herſelf.

The King reads a letter.

"Upon his many proteſtations to marry me,
"when his wife was dead, I blush to ſay it, he
"won me. Now is the Count Roſſillion a wi-
"dower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my ho-
"nours paid to him. He ſtole from Florence, ta-
"king no leave, and I follow him to this country
"for juſtice: Grant it me, O King! in you it beſt
"lyes; otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor
"maid is undone.

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and
toll for him. For this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,
Lafeu,

To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors: Go speedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter BERTRAM.

I am afraid the life of Helen (Lady) Was foully snatched.

Count. Now justice on the doers! [you,

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are so monstrous to And that you fly them as you swear to them; Yet you desire to wed. What woman's that?

Enter Widow, *and* DIANA.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched Florentine, Derived from the ancient Capulet: My suit, as I do understand, you know, And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whose age and honour Both suffer under this complaint we bring, And both shall cease without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count; do you know these women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will deny But that I know them; do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your [wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.

Dia. If you shall marry, You give away this hand, and that is mine; You give away Heaven's vows, and those are mine; You give away myself, which is known mine; For I by vow am so embodied yours, That she which marries you must marry me; Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her. [*To* Ber.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desp'rate creature

Whom sometime I have laughed with: let your Highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here. [friend,
King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to
Till your deeds gain them fairer: prove your ho-
Then in my thought it lyes. [nour,
Dia. Good my Lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity?
King. What sayest thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my Lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' th' camp,
If I be one.
Count. He blushes, and 'tis his:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferred by testament to the sequent (42) issue,

(42) *Conferred by testament to the* subsequent *issue.*] This is only the reading I think, of the last editor. I might say, *This in Mr.* Pope's *eon is a verse,*——to return him one of his civilities; but I'll content myself with observing, that all the genuine copies read,

Conferred by testament to th' *sequent* issue,

so, before, in this play;

Indeed, your O Lord, Sir,—is very *sequent* to your whipping.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida;*

But be thou true, say I, to fashion in
My *sequent* protestation.

So, in *Hamlet;*

——now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was *sequent*,
Thou knowest already.

And in many other instances that might be quoted.

Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thouſand proofs.
King. Methought you ſaid,
You ſaw one here in court could witneſs it.
Dia. I did, my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an inſtrument; his name's Parolles.
Laf. I ſaw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious ſlave,
With all the ſpots o'th' world taxed and deboſhed,
Which nature ſickens with: but to ſpeak truth,
Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think ſhe has; certain it is I liked her,
And boarded her i'th' wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint;
As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy: and in fine,
Her inſuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: ſhe got the ring:
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.
Dia. I muſt be patient;
You, that turned off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will loſe a huſband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Ber. I have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like the ſame upon your finger.
King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him Out of a caſement?

Dia. I have ſpoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My Lord, I do confeſs the ring was hers.

King. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts. Is this the man you ſpeak of? [you:—

Dia. It is, my Lord.

King. Tell me, ſirrah, but tell me true, I charge Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter, [you, Which on your juſt proceeding I'll keep off, By him and by this woman here what know you?

Par. So pleaſe your Majeſty, my maſter hath been an honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpoſe; did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, Sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, Sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majeſty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my Lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promiſed me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll ſpeak.

King. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou knoweſt?

Par. Yes, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty. I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more than that, he loved her: for indeed he was mad for her, and

talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to ſpeak of; therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

King. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou canſt ſay they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore ſtand aſide. This ring, you ſay, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all theſe ways, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an eaſy glove, my Lord, ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or her's, for ought I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To priſon with her: and away with him.
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou had'ſt this ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my Liege.

King. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore haſt thou accuſed him all this while?

Dia. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows I am no maid, and he'll ſwear to't;
I'll ſwear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life;
I'm either maid, or elſe this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* Lafeu.

King. She does abuſe our ears; to priſon with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir, [*Exit* Widow.
The jeweler that owes the ring is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this Lord, [*To* Ber.
Who hath abuſed me, as he knows himſelf,
Though yet he never harmed me, here I quit him.
He knows himſelf my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child;
Dead though ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Enter HELENA, *and* Widow.

King. Is there no exorciſt
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I ſee?

Hel. No, my good Lord,
'Tis but a ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; oh, pardon!

Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wonderous kind; there is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter: this it ſays,
"When from my finger you can get this ring,
"And are by me with child," &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If ſhe, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you!
O, my dear mother, do I ſee you living?
[*To the Counteſs.*

Laf. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon:
Good Tom Drum, lend me a handerchief.
[*To* Parolles.
So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make ſport with thee: let thy courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow.
If thou be'ſt yet a freſh uncropped flower,
[*To* Diana.
Chuſe thou thy huſband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can gueſs that, by thy honeſt aid,
Thou kept'ſt a wife herſelf, thyſelf a maid.
Of that and all the progreſs more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well, and if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the KING.

THE King's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this ſuit be won,
That you expreſs content; which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.